

Discorder

that magazine from CiTR 101.9fm



November 2005

The Ordinary Boys The Roots Bslack Rebel Motorcycle Club Same Difference
Maximo Park Finding Joy John Peel Rain Bonnets The Subways
Martha Wainwright The East Van Porn Collective The Paddingtons
Controller.Controller Doomriders CBGB's Idlewild The Pickups
How To Sing The Briefs A Really Great Funeral Broken Social Scene Pop
Montreal Ben Rogers The Deadly Snakes BoyGroove Death Cab for Cutie
Youth Group Arcade Fire Wolf Parade Bell Orchestre Constantines Hold Steady

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by **Stéphane Hogue**

translated by Joseph Long

directed by Tammy Isaacson

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Regular Disorder Column

Perpetually Imminent Disaster

By Kat Siddle

For a short time, maybe an hour or two, things are perfect. It's midnight, one day before the magazine goes to press. Andy, Dory and Zach have showed at the last minute to drag me out of an abyss of unedited text. We've gathered chairs from around the station and somehow made space for seven people in the Disorder office, we're reading print-outs and debating definitions of "roots" and "new wave". I read Andy's article while he reads mine, and the magazine, for the first time this month, is blossoming under our hands. It's coming together, finally, there's a sense of the final product we've been mulling over for weeks. At least, this how I see it. The art department might have had their moment earlier, but right now the text department is having theirs. Despite the stress and frustration and lingering headache that won't desist until production is done, I have that almost peaceful feeling of Good Work. Good work is being done here, meaningful and fulfilling, in its own way, work that we can be proud of when we're done.

As difficult as this position can be, I do love this part, the actual work. Talking to promoters, answering endless emails, chasing down late submissions—I won't miss any of that. But I'll miss these unexpected parts when the words come together and the features all turn out well, when your friends show up and the things you do together are just a little greater than the sum of their parts. When the work is not a burden but vocation, and everything's right despite itself.

It's quieter now, we're dogged and close to going home. Sitar music has been filtering in from the DJ booth and it feels like a parody of student radio station. There's only a few more pages to go. I write this now in case I don't next month. For all the complaining I ever did about you, DISORDER, I'll miss the good work you made me do.

Sincerely,
Kat Siddle



Notes to this issue

Sabon, I love it's stabby j's.

"Discorder," on the cover and all of the headers and, as much as possible of the accent text is Sabon. The rest, of course, is Century Gothic, 7pt.

There is also Bitstream Vera Serif, which I used only to acknowledge it's existence, because Bitstream has made it freely available and licensed it in a manner that geeks like me can adore. It is, however, not suitable to my tastes, and so I only use it for the intertextual remarks about the regular columns (on their headers).

The bird on the cover is made of pipecleaners, and is normally fluorescent pink and electric blue.

This month's calendar is done by Mark Hall-Patch. He's got some excellent skill and has made quite a collection of flourishes and etchings.

Thanks to Zoe and Phieu, and Nicole and Zoe's friend Nathan, who nearly drew the cover. Also to Karin, who took pictures of Jeff Helm at the last possible minute despite having oodles of work to do. Kat drew crows. This page in the background was ripped from someone's copy of "The Royal Game and Other Stories" by Stefan Zweig. Which was printed in the 80's on terrible paper with not enough ink and set in a face too fat to ever pass as pleasant to read. I suspect this has something to do with the reason that it has been in DISORDER's offices so long.

Graeme

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Riff Raff

By Bryce Dunn

Managed to dig up a few gems this month while digging through the crates, so to speak, and it seems all our bands are from the other side of the pond, so let's hoist a pint or two whilst we talk about our English brethren, shall we?

First off, our lads **The Paddingtons** sing like they've just stepped out of the local pub, after a few rounds and maybe a scuffle or two, as is probably the normal practice for a bunch of young punks from Hull, a town noted for its football but not a heck of a lot else. Hence, the brash and youthful energy that emanates from their latest single "50 To A Pound" will make fans of **The Libertines** realize they're a chip off the ol' block, catchy hooks and smarmy attitude in check. "Against You Me" is a first flip of the bird to all those they've tried to appease in the past, as they snarl, "I'm sick and tired of that look on your face/you better leave, get out of my space." The guitars buzz and jerk back and forth, like the glasses swinging in their arms, suds

and bodies spilling out into the street. Boys will be boys, as they say. (Paptones Records, www.paptones.co.uk).

Actually, come to think of it, **The Ordinary Boys** sing about that very thing on a single that mimes the skanking fun of **Madness** and the pogo-friendly pop of **The Buzzcocks**. Hailing from Brighton, these guys weren't even old enough to witness the first or second wave of ska and punk during its heyday, but somehow they've managed to attract the attention of **The Moz** (ripping their name from one of his classic songs), **Paul Weller** (who likes them so much he's taken them on as touring mates) and ex-**Specials** leader Terry Hall (from whom they've revived the classic "Little Bitch" and turned it into a punter's anthem in their live sets). This most recent outing reflects their on-going fascination with all things two-tone, even getting a guest "toast" from **Rankin' Junior**, and it definitely makes you want to pick it up, pick it up, pick it up. Then you can get down to their version of **The Ramones'** "The KKK Took

My Baby Away" (with nice organ flourishes and sing-along choruses) and wait for the day when they hop overseas and do some proper gigs on this side of the Atlantic. (B-Unique Records, www.b-uniquerecords.com).

Coincidentally, that's just what **The Subways** will be doing this month, a young trio from Welwyn Garden City who in a relatively short time have managed to get the British music press' knickers in a twist. Having just released their debut full-length, the first batch of 7 inches has given us music fans something to listen for. "Oh Yeah" is a three-minute powderkeg of plucky bass, rollicking drums and slashing guitar, all sounding surprisingly fresh coming from kids barely in their twenties. With a lyrical nod to the ironies of being young, this is a tune to smash and crash around to. The B-side is a melancholic number entitled "I Am Young" also singing the praises of youthful ignorance, just without the smashes and maybe a bit more swing. If that makes any sense. (City Pavement Records, no address given).

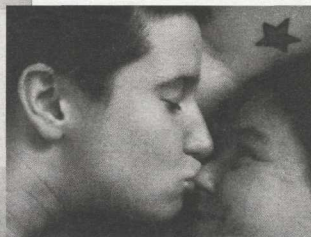
Lastly, we travel to Newcastle Upon Tyne and the home of **Maximo Park**, who derived their name from either the Social Realism film movement or a Cuban general, but definitely not a recreation spot in St. Petersburg, Florida, no matter what you may google. On a recent single, "Graffiti" b/w "Hammer Horror", smart, tightly-wound pop songs with a sense of urgency are sung by an eclectic front-man with a penchant for early **XTC** and **The Stranglers**. The whole thing comes off sounding unique despite the bleak pictures painted by difficult relationships and the grim realities of Northern life. While not always finding the bright side, Maximo Park still manage a smile when it counts, and these tunes should bring one to you if you're lucky. (Warp Records, www.warprecords.com).

Toodle-pip, readers!



Strut Fret & Flicker

By Flick Harrison



Oh dear, my last stand-in for Penelope, She's coming back from Europe next month, and won't this column be cosmopolitan!

I finally had to watch **MADE IN SECRET: The Story of the East Van Porn Collective**. Unsurprisingly, it's been getting lots of screenings around North America (hint to filmmakers: put "porn" in your title, then retain street cred by saying "porn" is the wrong word). It's a feature-length pseudo-doc about a group-sex club who seem to have created a whole new sexual identity: auto-erotic reality-TV-osexuols.

Not really a documentary, more like reality TV: the film's website claims that the porn-making collective formed only in order to document themselves (but in this world of hoax-on-hoax-on-hoax, maybe they're just shy). Essentially, what you're seeing is a performance of a documentary about a performance of a porn collective. We don't get much of the actual porn, because the group has decided never to show it to outsiders (though, again, that decision might just be a pretext, an excuse to keep their glitch on).

It's this careful secrecy—what goes in the group stays in the group—that, for me, distinguishes this bunch from a video collective in the straightforward sense. Their video-making is a complex ruse: the committee-meeting format is a bizarre, hyper-Victorian social lubricant. The real nifty-gitty is that they have sex together, fetishizing the filmmaking process as others might fetishize a soiled undergarment or a picture of Sammy Davis Jr. in the bedroom. The movies they make

are like painfully-slow swap parties, punctuated by votes, storyboards and respect rehearsals which seem to excite them. One guy claims to have kissed his first boy during shooting: the camera-operator, his girlfriend, says it excites her. Is this an indie-media revolution, or just foreplay? And is the double-layer of a faux-collective, created for the purpose of documenting itself, just a hard-to-unbutton social lingerie?

MADE IN SECRET, which plods a bit despite the editor's smooth respect for pacing and flow, has a couple of clumsy intrusions by some Wet Spots songs (an attempt to create sex-pod synergy?). Sure, there's straightforward exposition at all times, but it's not like *Capturing the Friedmans* or anything, charged with tense energy from start to finish. But about an hour in, things get really interesting when the camera lingers for twelve minutes on a single debate at the collective: after watching *BikeSexual*, their latest film, one member of the group is excited to show it at a private indie-porn festival in Portland. To complicate matters, another member, who was away during this particular production, is tongue-tied and horrified by the proposed breach of secrecy.

This debate exemplifies the very core of the pornography debate: the straight (but apparently bi-curious) hot chick, who wants to show off their film, squares off with the not-attractive-by-current-mainstream-rules, apparently-trust-challenged lesbian. The former is just the demographic whose social status could be increased through pornographic publicity; the latter is the type for whom mainstream

show-biz is the most destructive and oppressive, and who sounds like they're doing the collective specifically for the revolutionary internal dynamics, not to crank out product.

The way the collective resolves this dispute—a hair-pulling 10-hour meeting in which they think about dissolving when they fail to reach consensus—says something about the benefits of such a society, but unwittingly reveals the inherent contradiction of a "private porn." The problem with porn is not just the gender hierarchy which mainstream society imposes on it. It's also the commodification of sexuality, the transformation of sex from a participatory act into a spectatorial one. If the *EVPC*'s movies end up gathering dust in a drawer, or sitting at the video store next to *Ita: She-Wolf of the SS*, what's the difference?

What ultimately disappoints about this film, however, is that the clever "what-is-real-and-what-isn't-it" format belies the very principle they claim to be pursuing: honesty and intimacy in media production, rather than a top-down broadcast and one-way PR bullshit. That the porn may not really exist at all makes us question their commitment. Why are they afraid to show what's really sexy? Why are they teasing us with all this utopian porno promise and then pulling out at the last minute? The challenge they throw down to themselves, their critique of the mainstream porno industry, could fairly be phrased thus: "That's not sexy. My friends and I are sexy." Is that really a revolutionary challenge?

MADE IN SECRET plays at the Pacific Cinematheque on Nov 11-12.



Textually Active

currently masquerading as

Low Art

by Lucas TdS

For most people, comics are actually pretty accessible. Free syndicated comics, both good and terrible (good = *Peanuts*, *Doonesbury*; terrible = *Hagar, B.C.*, *Garfield*), appear in newspapers and are read by a lot of folks. Comics are displayed in Chapters and various other behemoth bookstores. They're discussed in magazines and on public radio, and infuse pop culture at large.

But the more serious comics, the underground comics and the graphic novels that you hear so much about but don't see all that often... those are sort of inaccessible for the average person with little time and energy to devote to digging. And money. Let's not forget, comics cost money. And even if you do have the money... there is the intimidation factor. In a way, comics are a bit like jazz music. Most people have heard true jazz, and even more have heard the commercial variety, but very few people are really really into it... and around those that are, there exists a bit of a special aura of sorts. A mystique. Except that the mystique surrounding comic books is mostly not a cool one, as comics nerds know well.

Therefore, I say hurrah for the internet! On the internet, it is possible to read thousands upon thousands of comics for free online, without anyone knowing about all the time you waste delving into your favourite character's lives, or even having to worry about what you smell like when you walk into the comic store to buy a comic.

Online publishing is always a double-edged sword, though. The great thing about it is that it is both easy and cheap, meaning that almost anyone with access to a scanner and a cracked version of a graphics program can post their work online. The problem with online publishing is that it is... well, easy and cheap—with print media, a lot of crap gets filtered out simply because the online knows that the financial risk of publishing is only worth it if there is a market to read his or her work. [Thus the continued success of *Hagar* remains a mystery—Ed.] On the internet, artists can post their work without worrying about if a readership exists or not. And so you get a lot more crap. But hidden among all the slick characters with vulgar dialogue, talking sperm and floating cuf'n'paste heads speaking in Sand and Comic Sans, there are gems in the world of online comics... and this column intends to expose at least one of these webcomic gems every month.

We'll start with *Same Difference* by Derek Kirk Kim, which qualifies as a webcomic, but just barely. Kim's work, which is completely available online at (<http://www.lowbright.com/Comics/>)

SameDifference ([SameDifference/SameDifference/index.html](http://www.LowBright.com/Comics/SameDifference/index.html)), actually also appeared as a self-published book in 2003, and Kim went on to win some of the print comic world's highest honours: the 2003 Ignatz Award for Promising New Talent, the 2004 Eisner Award for Name Deserving of Wider Recognition, and a 2004 Harvey Award. The San Francisco-based author and artist, who moved to the United States from Korea when he was eight, uses *Same Difference* to explore questions of ethnicity, race, and friendship.

The comic opens in a Vietnamese noodle shop, where our protagonists, Simon and Nancy, explore answers to life's great deep questions (such as "Who eats the shit of the fly?"). Through a series of flashbacks and chance meetings, we find out that both Simon and Nancy have oddball tales of romance rolling about their lives. Simon is haunted by a decision he made (in high school) not to take a blind girl to a school dance because he'd be uncool. Nancy, meanwhile, decides to hunt down the man who has been sending romantic letters to her new apartment addressed to someone else. "It's Fun!" she tells Simon as she tries to convince him to join her. "FIJINI Fun!"

If you're reading this thinking, "I've seen *Message in a Bottle* already, and it really wasn't that great," don't fret. The thing is, despite the predictable premise, Kim has such gorgeous control of the dialogue and pacing that the story works.

And his control of the pen is mighty as well. The story is illustrated in shades of sepia, and Kim has as much control of his angles as a film director, showing you characters through a fishbowl, characters from above, and the beautiful landscapes of the American west coast.

Inevitably, because he's Asian (and because his characters are as well), a few have gone so far as to call his style "American suburban magna." But there's very little "magna" about Kim's art style at all. If anything, it's halfway between detective comics and *TinTin*... except with a sort of wallowy reflective air that sits dangerously close to being overly self-absorbed without quite succumbing to that. *Same Difference* is a beautiful piece that starts loudly and finishes quietly. For more webcomic recommendations, check out Lucas' link page at (http://www.lucasstds.com/webcomic/webcomic_links.htm)



Same Difference by Derek Kirk Kim (<http://www.lowbright.com/Comics/SameDifference/index.html>)

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Do it your own damned self

By Georgie Russel and Gail Addison

You will need:

1/2 meter of water resistant cloth.

This can be oilcloth, plasticized fabric, or a half meter each of fabric and clear plastic. Make sure that the material that you use is quite thin; you want to think bonnet, not helmet. Lazy Susan, a store on Main Street, sells oilcloth that is usually used for tablecloths. It comes in a variety of bright colours and patterns. Gail and I cut up a woven plastic bag that she bought in Chinatown.

Good scissors.

Though if you're as persnickily as I am you probably won't cut plastic with your good sewing scissors.

Needle and thread.

Preferably attached to a sewing machine.

Ribbon or tape.

Approximately 36 inches in length.

Plastic or water resistant binding tape, 24" in length (optional)

Binding your seams will make them less likely to leak and, if they're on the outside, prettier. Regular binding tape should suffice.

Glue gun, (optional)

You'll see.

It's that time of year again. No, not Christmas, not yet anyways. It's the time of year for endless, soul crushing rain. But this little project might brighten things up a bit. And it's almost sort of practical. Gail and I looked to the stylish yet practical look of the granny set and then modified it a bit. I believe that the rain bonnet has been traditionally used to keep perfectly set perms in place and to stop blue rinses from running. These are both looks that are rarely sported by the readers of DISORDER, but anyone who has gone to the trouble to flat-iron their hair (and it seems to be very popular lately) will attest to the havoc wreaked by the elements. So get crafting as a nod to a generation that has better style than any of us.

Begin by laying out the pattern on top of your fabric/plastic/whatever. With careful positioning you may be able to get pieces for two hats from a half meter of material.

Trace and cut out pieces. Where the pattern says "cut on fold," fold the cloth in half before cutting. If you don't have enough material to do that, sew the pieces together where the fold would be (right sides together please. Right sides are the front sides of the fabric, the parts you want on the outside of the finished product).

Assemble the pieces and sew together. After the bonnet has been put together sew binding tape along the front edge of the brim.

The order of this should be obvious, but hey: 1) Sew the two crown pieces together, right sides facing. 2) Sew crown to brim, right sides facing again, and then 3) sew the crown to the collar. Use fairly tight stitches as this will cut down on leaks. You can make seams on the inside, as you would on a regular garment, or on the outside and cover them with a binding tape.

If you are using a layer of clear plastic over a

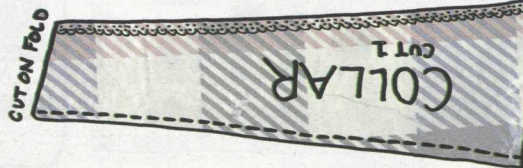
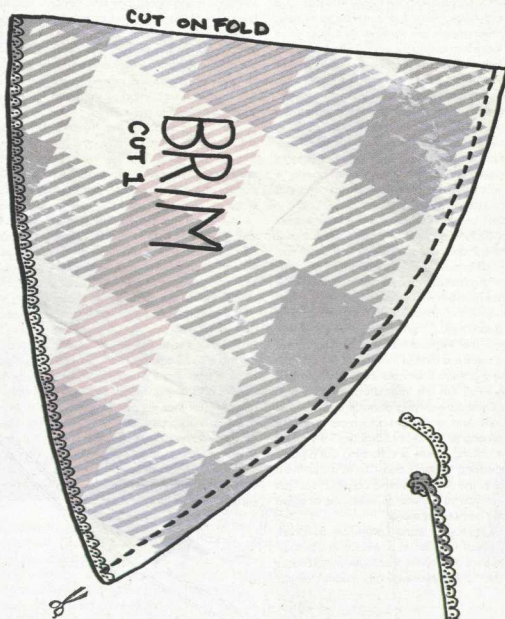
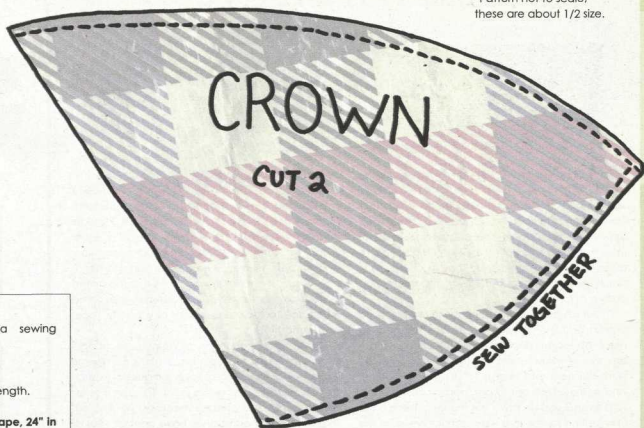
separate layer of fabric, you may find them slippery. To fasten them together avoid pins, as they will poke holes. Use bobby pins or those snappy hair clips to hold the layers in place, since they won't damage them. Be extra careful to avoid the needle of your sewing machine.

If you are particularly worried about leaks, or are expecting a heavy squall, you may want to waterproof your seams even further. Open the seams on the inside and apply a thin line of glue gun glue along the stitches. It may take a while to get a steady line with this so you may want to cover it with a binding until you are all practiced up.

Sew the piece of ribbon onto the collar around the back of the neck. Leave the ends free to tie. All you need now is an immaculate tweed suit and some comfortable shoes and you can be in the running for the best style in Vancouver.

If you're freshly made headgear isn't keeping you dry enough you can always come to the Seamrippers craft center to get out of the rain. We have a brand new workshop calendar out, and classes start in a little over a week. Friday, November 4th of the opening for Diorama-rama, a show of dioramas. Friday, November 18th sees the opening of our screenprinting show. And because Christmas is unpleasantly close, the first of our holiday craft fairs is on Saturday, November 12th from 1-9 pm. It will include many fabulous wares by lots of local artists and crafters. So please feel free to stop by: 436 West Pender (at Richards).

*Pattern not to scale,
these are about 1/2 size.



The Roots of a Modern Dynasty

by Zach Goelman

Music has its orthodox and its reformers. Every genre has those musicians and appreciators who are dedicated to defining the art form, positioning it within boundaries in order to preserve its values and creativity. Jazz trumpeter Wynton Marsalis asserts that music falls into two categories, jazz and not jazz, because jazz can be easily defined as a genre. The orthodox define and sanctify music out of love; the aim is to preserve it in the form they recognize.

These people would not do well with The Roots. By all appearances, the Philadelphia "hip hop band" is trying to make rap music into something that it never was, while simultaneously working to re-inject it with a life that it once had. Like the last descendants of a decaying dynasty, The Roots are trying to refurbish their palace with dignity and integrity, and replace the decadent corruption that currently reigns in the royal court.

The idea of The Roots as a "dynasty" is held together by this dedication to both renewal and continuity. By bringing the same diverse talent together again and again, The Roots assure their fans that the records will have a common appeal despite the eclectic aural differences from each to the next. The dedication to continuity remains in the small details as well: that The Roots have numbered each of their songs consecutively, from their first LP *Organix* with track number one to their most recent record *The Tipping Point* which ends

with track one hundred and thirteen. But the stellar quality of the band's back catalogue is rooted in more than a returning cast of characters. There is a great deal that makes this crew legendary.

Their first major studio work was *Do You Want More?* (1991). It was a wide open embrace to new listeners, self-deprecating and relaxed, saying basically, "Welcome to our show." The first song on the record promises that the band "shall proceed, and continue, to rock the mic." That might seem to be pure fantasy for a first song, but has now become definite prophecy as The Roots have continued to rock mics, stages, and recording studios for twelve years. *DYWM?* (1991) has such a distinct, enjoyable and creative sound, (described as "organic hip hop jazz") that The Roots became known as a funky live show with a wholesome party atmosphere. There was a certain unwanted novelty in the image of an acoustic/instrumental hip hop group—in the liner notes of their last record, *The Tipping Point*, Questlove rags on the record labels for promoting this image of the band.

Enter their sophomore record, *Illadelph Halflife*, the band's response to that fun, funky, and optimistic image. Lyrically and musically, this album placed The Roots in a world of violent competition, where the band seemed to walking a treacherous tightrope between creating their music and succeeding in their musical careers. The record portrayed The Roots being stalked by the

threatening shadow of failure, reminding listeners that hip hop is the survival of fittest. Here, The Roots displayed their fitness by matching the aggression of the music with a rhythmic assault, appealing to a determined, troubled, and energetic passion within the listener. This spin towards the darkness took fans out of the bluesy nightclub and into cold Philly streets of softly-spoken threats, a trip that presented a strongly alternative perspective.

Album three, *Things Fall Apart*, brought The Roots the fame and notoriety that won the group a Grammy. This record marked a significant fusion of their previous two records. The positive energy of *DYWM?* (1991) cut with *Illadelph Halflife*'s dark introspection, merging the themes of positive hope with cataclysmic failure, gave *Things Fall Apart* the drama of a modern tragedy. The feel of this album is aptly summarized in the hit single "You Got Me" featuring Erykah Badu and Eve, wherein all the lies and games of relationships are put side-by-side with the trust and commitment of true love. How can these bipolar elements not fear a relationship apart? This tension between hope and despair, success and failure, authenticity and affluence is the high wire that The Roots still walk.

After the release of *Things Fall Apart*, it seemed that The Roots were once again dangerously close to being painted with a single brush—they were "conscious rap", the "back-pack hip hop", successfully "alternative". Their three records were so well done, and so well produced, that questions arose about the band's future prospects. Despite their talent and acclaim, they seemed to be confronted with a problem: their integrity wasn't universally marketable. Following *Things Fall Apart*, The Roots released a devastatingly vivid live album *The Roots Come Alive!* in which they recouped all their hits from their three records in an ecstatically energetic presentation, but the glory of the band seemed to be shadowed by fears that they were on the edge of the short careers typical of disposable, spotlight-of-the-moment hip hop.

2002 saw a change of tactics. The Roots bushwhacked their way from the top of the underground into the mainstream on their fourth major-label studio recording, *Phrenology*. *Phrenology* presented a straightforward approach different from the artistry of their previous work. Two tracks off the album seemed bluntly topical: "Water" focused on the place that drugs and addictions play in the musical and urban community, and "Pussy Galore" exposed the marketing of women as the cash cow of the advertising industry. The two leading singles off *Phrenology* were "The Seed 2.0" and "Break You Off", both of which are serious deviations from the rhythms of The Roots' past, and instead contain melodic choruses by male soul singers. These two songs, with their dynamic delivery, landed the tracks on the top-40's lists. The message was clear: The Roots are hip hop, but they entertain clandestine affairs with rock, soul, and pop music.

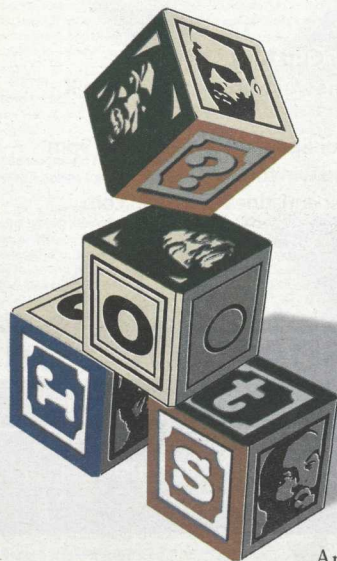
All the major issues of *Things Fall Apart* and all the musical revisions of *Phrenology* were carried

into the creation of their latest record, *The Tipping Point*. This album fused the dramatic elements of their first three records with their successful experience in musical exploration in *Phrenology*. Essentially, The Roots changed their narrative from that of a group now accepted within the system. Their perspective, however, remained as critical as ever. The songs acutely judge the poor quality of a lot of the music flooding the scene, making subtle jabs at the fans of pop music in the choruses of "I Don't Care" and "Don't Say Nuthin'".

Fundamental to their career is The Roots' concept of themselves as more than a band, but a crew, and in their words, a "dynasty". Time has shown the core band-members to be lyricist Tariq "Black Thought" Trotter, drummer Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson, bassist Leonard "Hub" Hubbard, and keyboardist Kemal Grey. Another key aspect of The Roots' career is their integrity: a trust is developed between musician and listener. Initially, this integrity is born of the fact that the band is largely instrumental; listeners tune in believing that they are hearing old-fashioned musical skill, and not digitally manipulated tracks. Lyrics also contribute to this: Black Thought's writing focuses on a lot of imagery that is very public, but not cliché, and he understands how people relate to music. In the song "What They Do", the band begins with an elaborately crafted overture of fragile keys, synths and deep rhythms. Black Thought raps "... Creator of original sounds to send to stores / You take home, to absorb and sweat it out your pores / Now who can stop the music runnin' through these veins? / Infinitely go against the grain, that's why my motto's to / Never do what they do...".

There is an empathy in The Roots' work that is vital to understanding them as more than talented musicians. Empathy, perhaps, is the basis for what makes us human. Without our ability to communicate feelings, we would doubtfully succeed in forming any meaningful relationships with society or loved ones. In a rap industry that thrives on uniform lust and antipathy, (a.k.a. sex and violence), a band that can be both a thunderous force, and a soft, articulate voice is a band dedicated to a real relationship with the listeners. By following The Roots' career, one develops a trust that the band will not let you down, and you begin to take them as seriously as you would your best friend. On the last track of their latest album, Tariq's voice cracks and strains with the emotion of his words, and listeners have no choice but to be moved and grabbed by this simple effect. After you've been touched by this finale, you read the liner notes to find Questlove smiling at you. As he writes in the liner notes: "...some 113 songs later this is the songs that every surface fan... and misguided critic... thought we been making. Perhaps some 7 albums later they might actually listen."

The Roots play two shows at the Commodore Ballroom November 9. Zach Goelman will be attending both.



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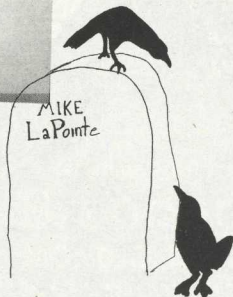


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Mix Tape

By Mike LaPointe



For the modern human, there are a lot of ways to die. In addition to the classics (cancer, gunfight, piano falling on head, etc.) the technology-obsessed society in which we live offers many options that, up until recently, were never even conceivable. For example, it's now possible to get crushed to death at a Pearl Jam concert. They never used to have that.

This is why I'm pretty angry that I was recently almost done in by a bus. A bus! The earliest humans have been getting killed that way. Whether it's the chariot of the classical age, or the massive rolling boulder that I assume prehistoric humans used to get around in, people have been getting smacked by their transports.

But what's even more of a tragedy is that, if I had died, someone else would've been left in charge of the music at my funeral. And you know how it is these days. No one parties of funerals anymore. Instead, they're a time for people to dress up like Robert Smith, complain about all of the dead person's gambling debts, and cry. That's not for me. My funeral should be a time to get down, drunk, and dirty. If that bus had been half-a-second sooner, some relative of mine would've gone through my record collection, picking out all the Nick Drake and Elliott Smith, thinking that I was somehow the way I wanted to be remembered. Jackass.

So I'm going to set it in stone. Right here, I'm making it clear. This is how I would've wanted my funeral done, and how I'd like it to be. Five songs for death:

1. "Gonna Have a Funky Good Time (Doin' It To Death)" – James Brown

It's important to establish early that this funeral isn't for missing around. This essential funk beat, and the constant seductive repeat of "We're gonna have a funky good time" will make sure people arriving at the funeral know that they're now obligated to get down in a serious kind of way. Also, the title in parentheses implies that this song is more or less how I lived my life, and I'd like people to think that wherever I went, this beat followed with me. As the song hits its jazzier sections, the eulogy will be performed entirely as an interpretive dance by someone dressed as Bootsy from Funkadelic.

2. "Monster Mash" – Bobby "Boris" Pickett

Now that James has secured the party, and the eulogy is over, I want the congregation to really step up the boogie. Ideally, people have had the foresight show up in monster costumes, and if that's the case, then this classic by Bobby "Boris" Pickett will ensure the flow of liquor and some eerie action on the dance floor (which will be set up overtop other people's graves). This will be a bit of

a special effects show: I'll have hydraulics set up in my coffin, so that when Pickett sings, "Out from his coffin, Drac's voice did ring" my body will spring up to a sizzling position just in time to say, "Whatever happened to my Transylvania twist?"

3. "Wouldn't It Be Nice" – the Beach Boys

After the boogie part of the funeral, I'd like people to take a moment to share with each other all the great things I've said and done (the song may have to be played three or four times to adequately complete this). The charming nature of this Beach Boys classic is an obvious choice, as people can postulate exactly what I might've done with life had that bus not turned me into a weekend's work for the carwash. And maybe if they "think and wish and hope and pray, it might come true." Or maybe not, because I'm dead.

4. A Dedication: "Closer" – Nine Inch Nails

For this portion, people will be instructed to take their seats for a very special dedication. As a hush falls over the congregation, it will be explained how I wanted this song to be played for my dear girlfriend, the light of my life, as a token of my love which, though I've passed on from my physical state, will never die. I want her to sit next to my parents as Trent Reznor sings this moving ode to true love. There will be a camera closely recording them as they grow increasingly uncomfortable, the tension reaching a crescendo as he declares, "I want to fuck you like an animal."

5. "Disco Inferno" – Tina Turner

Time to get rid of this damn body! Time for the main event! At this point, the congregation will head to the mausoleum, where this Tina gem will be blasting with as much bass as the foundation of the building can stand. The fire will be blazing, the heat will be rising, the people will be dancing, a disco ball will spin wildly in the strobe light above go-go dancers in cages, and my coffin will be inching its way into the inferno. The climax will be the moment my body is completely engulfed in flames, at which point the casket will shoot out rockets of sparks as Tina sings, "Just can't stop/When my spark gets hot!" and the people continuously chant "Burn baby burn/Burn that mother damn!"

There you have it: a danceable funeral for the modern age. No plucking at heartstrings, just synth and bass. My only regret is that I won't be there to break it down with them. I'll be on my way to that great discotheque in the sky...



Legendary New York Club Faces Closure



Will They Stay or Will They Go?

On a recent visit to New York City I stood across the street from 315 Bowery Ave. My camera poised at the dilapidated building across the road, trying to capture a snapshot of the most celebrated music venue in American music history, CBGB's, sandwiched between Manhattan's Lower East Side and East Village, has been hailed as the birthplace of American punk rock, kick starting the careers of Television, The Ramones, Patti Smith, Blondie and countless others. Since then the club has hosted such diverse acts as The Police, Guns N Roses, Yo La Tengo, PJ Harvey, and Sleater Kinney. But 32 years after the club opened its doors it is now threatened with the possibility of having to close them permanently.

The future of CBGB's—which stands for Country Bluegrass and Blues—has been uncertain since July, when the club found out that its landlord, The Bowery Residents Committee (BRC) would not be renewing CBGB's upcoming lease. The BRC is a non-profit organization that provides services for marginalized people, and operates a homeless shelter above CBGB's.

It has been unclear why the BRC has decided not to renew the club's lease, granted the longstanding relationship between CBGB's and the organization. Early online speculation by bloggers about the club owing thousands of dollars in back rent proved faulty when a Manhattan judge ruled on August 10th that CBGB's did not owe any back rent to the BRC. The judge even cited CBGB's as "a major cultural institution" confirming the importance of the club to New York's cultural history.

But sometimes even appraisal from a judge isn't enough to save a floundering punk club and, as expected, CBGB's received its notice of eviction from the BRC on September 7th. The notice followed public outcry from music fans across the world who heard about the possibility of the demise of the club. Hundreds of supporters of CBGB's held a rally in Washington Square Park in Manhattan on August 31st where artists such as Blondie, The Bouncing Souls, and Gavin Rossdale came out to show their support for keeping CBGB's alive. CBGB's fans have also been active on the web, networking worldwide and setting up numerous blogs and campaigns to save the club, including a letter writing campaign to NYC mayor Michael Bloomberg.

Few people would deny that CBGB's has played a significant role in punk rock history. Most people would agree that the influence of the club and the artists it showcased has spread beyond the five boroughs and across the world. The club has inspired not only those who have been pushed around in a CBGB's mosh pit, but those who have been influenced by the music and punk attitude that the club is famous for.

Shawn Gabel, who plays guitar for the local Vancouver punk band Born of Ashes speaks of CBGB's as the "epicenter of the

punk and hardcore movement," although he has never visited the club. "CBGB's is where all the good bands on the East Coast try to play and where all the bands on the other coast wish they could play," Gabel muses.

Cultural sociologist Dr. Donna Gaines says that CBGB's provides an important social space for youth that is essential for alternative cultural development in cities. "CBGB's is a Mecca for many young people world-wide, who feel cut out of mainstream culture," Dr. Gaines explains. "It's a place to celebrate and engage in meaningful social production and process." Dr. Gaines says that alternative cultural and artistic spaces such as CBGB's have been forced to close down in recent years and move outside of Manhattan due to increasing rents and gentrification of Manhattan neighborhoods. She hopes that CBGB's won't suffer the same fate.

However, despite the overt support for CBGB's and the club's historical and social significance, the looming eviction raises questions about the current musical significance of the club. Some argue that CBGB's has lost its prominent position within the current NYC music scene and that it really only remains a distant memory of cultural greatness.

"CBGB's is no longer part of the [NYC] music and arts scene," Brooklyn-based musician Tim Williams says. Although he has played at the club himself he notes that today's bands want to play The Mercury Lounge and other venues in New York's trendy Lower East Side district. "Closing CBGB's is much like a distant relative passing away," Williams compares, "you can remember when things were great but at this point you know it's for the better."

Although CBGB's future on the Bowery remains uncertain, several rumors of its fate have been spreading through online blogs and message boards. One such speculation is that the club may be moved to Las Vegas, although this rumor has not been confirmed by anyone at CBGB's. Another possibility is moving the club to another New York location. However, these possibilities have been criticized as ruining the essence of the club, defeating the purpose of keeping the club open at all. "The only place CBGB's should be relocated to is the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame," Williams says, "Moving it anywhere else would not only cheapen the history of the place but also how we think about the bands that played there."

For now though, fans and critics of the club must wait as CBGB's challenges its eviction notice in court within the next few months. While the club refused to comment on the current proceedings of the case, CBGB's remains lease-less but open for business—defiant in their right to rock—like so many of the bands the club catapulted to fame.



Dear Pop Montréal,

I'm all nervous and stuff, it's really hard to tell you this, but I think you're **REALLY** pretty. All the birds and pictures of toast on your website? It's enough to make a girl like me swoon. Thanks for putting that little chickadee on a bic lighter for me. Would you like to go out for beer or coffee sometime?

Yes ☐ No ☐

Please check one and return to me.
Your not-so-secret admirer,
Dory Kornfeld

Dear Pop Montréal
I think that you are lots of fun, but you've got a few **ISSUES** that you **NEED** to deal with. Firstly, why must ALL the shows be at the **SAME TIME**? AND so spread out across the city. It made it nearly impossible to see more than one thing a day, and there was **SO MUCH** to see!

— and Pop Montréal, I know it's not your fault, but Architecture in Helsinki being cancelled — so not cool
Miffed,
Dory Kornfeld

DEAR POP MO
2 beers for \$5?
What a deal!
— thanks
Dory.

Dear P.M.,
Why is it that all the boys at your shows look just like Saalen Tweedy?
— Ever curious
DK

Dory Kornfeld
Discorder



Sept 27-Oct 3
WWW.POPMONTREAL.COM

Dear Pop Montréal

I've been thinking about it, and I'm a bit frustrated with your antics. I understand that you're busy and all, but I don't get why I couldn't pick up my pass after 7pm. After all, there were open bar offices and people working the door. I suppose it really doesn't matter; my friend Mike had an extra ticket to the event I wanted to see, and I paid him back by buying him breakfast. And Pop Montréal, that event sure was good—Nori Buffalo is one sweet catch, her poppier dance-y numbers are simple and heartwarming, you should get her to play more of them next time. It's not as if I don't like the slow and pretty songs, but the crowd was a-twitching and could have used a few dance songs in a row. Apostrophe of Thistle was a great choice too. I never really thought about the indie-rock equivalent of a jam band, but he is surely it. I missed most of Jason Collett's set because I was tired from travelling all day, but he seemed to be a bit.

Hmmm, looking back on this, I guess I worked out pretty well after all, and there's no use crying.
Rock on!

— Dory Kornfeld

DEAR POP MONTREAL,

MY FRIEND SAM SAID THAT
MIKE DOIRON WAS WONDERFUL.

AM SAD THAT I MISSED IT.

NEXT TIME, PLEASE DON'T PUT

ALL THE GOOD STUFF ON

THURSDAY.

SINCERELY

Dory Kornfeld

Dear Pop Montréal,
Thanks for having me! You've got a great place, it was really nice to be able to stay for a few days and use the sights. And thanks for being such a good host—the gift bag of swag was a thoughtful touch. I read the entire Bust magazine during my train ride home, and I'm saving the Broken Period for my Tuesday class. I think that all the dancing one-inch buttons will make me the envy of all the kids I shall wear them with the pride I usually reserve for scout badges. Anyway, if you ever come to Toronto, I'd be more than welcome to stay at my place. I usually go to bed earlier than you do, but I have an extra key and it won't make me if you come in late. Really, I mean it.
Thanks again!
Dory Kornfeld



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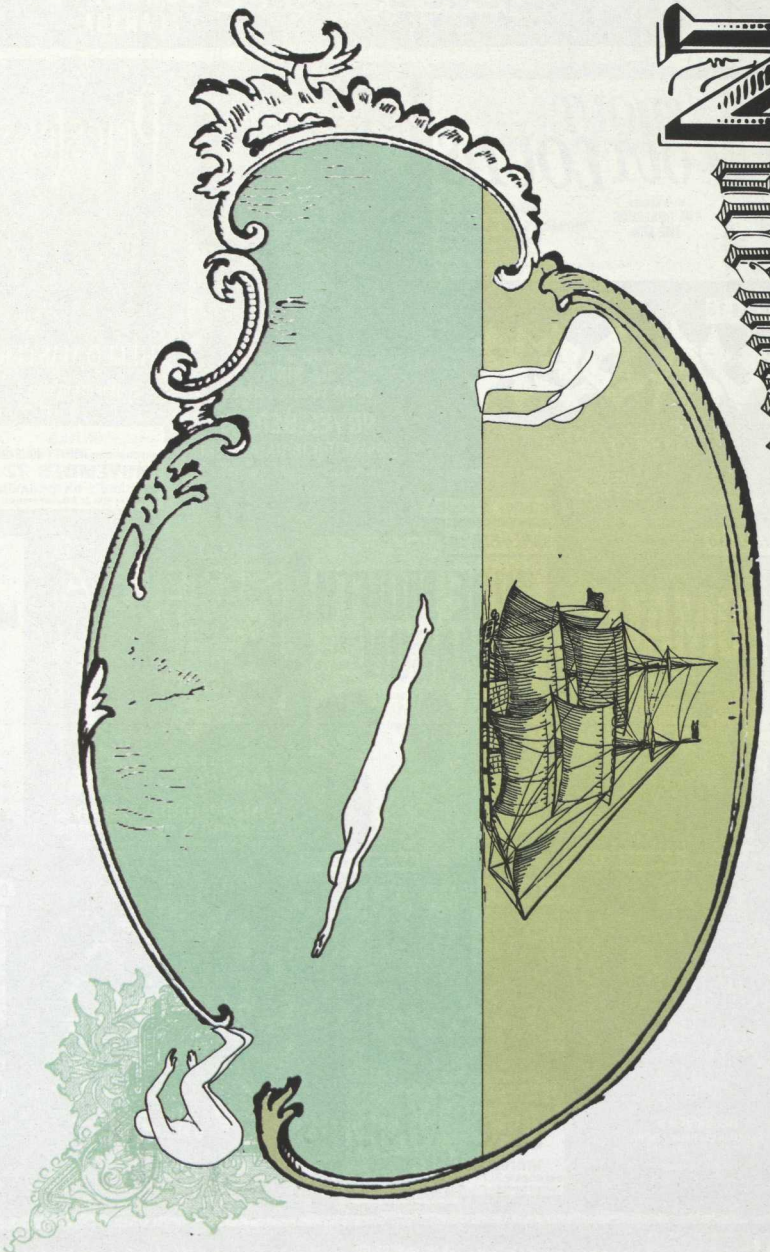
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1
SHANGHAI NIGHT
Crested
Crested, Crested, Crested

2
The House @ The Rickford
Crested, Crested, Crested

3
The House @ The Rickford
Crested, Crested, Crested

4
The House @ The Rickford
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5
The House @ The Rickford
Crested, Crested, Crested



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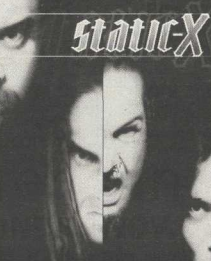
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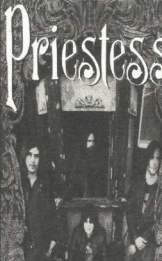
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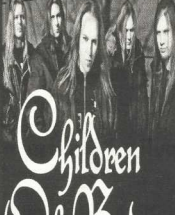
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WITH SPECIAL GUESTS WHITNEY HOUSTON

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NOVEMBER 22

ALL
AGES



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CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

NOVEMBER 28



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COMMODORE BALLROOM

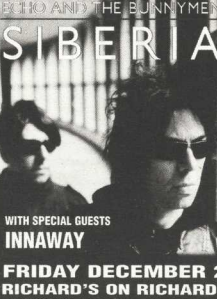
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MASON**

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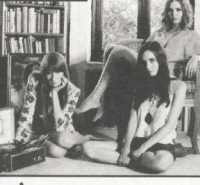
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featuring
SOILWORK
STRAPPING YOUNGLAD
BARKUS

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DOORS 8:30PM — SHOW 7:45PM
ALL AGES
GENERAL ADMISSION
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DECEMBER 7

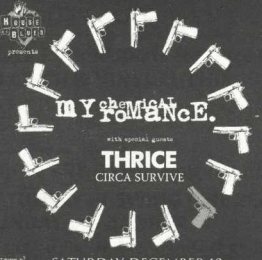


The like

WITH GUESTS GIANT DRAG

TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



MY ROMANCE

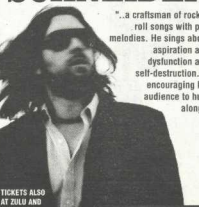
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roll songs with pop
melodies. He sings about
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dysfunction and
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encouraging his
audience to hum
along."

TICKETS ALSO
AT ZULU AND
HIGHLIFE

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

Poetry, Prose and Martha



By Chris Little

Released in April, singer-songwriter Martha Wainwright's eponymous debut is as intimate and direct as any album you will hear this year. A strong showcase for the artist's distinct and expressive voice, the thirteen songs on the record accentuate her frank lyrical approach without sacrificing the graceful melodies lying at their heart. Focusing for the most part on herself and the people who surround her, the intriguing narrative style of the compositions expertly blends passion with understanding, while the nuances of the instrumental accompaniment effectively enhance their presentation.

Sister of baroque-pop sensation Rufus Wainwright and daughter of folk legends Kate McGarrigle and Loudon Wainwright III, Martha's emotional honesty and candid delivery has enabled her to forge a musical identity independent of family association. The witty confidence she displays on stage has also contributed to her growing reputation as one of the brightest young talents in the industry. As I found out prior to her appearance at Richard's on Richards on October 13, this particular personality trait definitely extends beyond the boundaries of her performances.

Disorder: It seems that the lyrics on the album are very personal. Are they entirely autobiographical, or are there some elements you bring to them from other people's experiences?

Martha Wainwright: They're pretty much autobiographical, almost every line. But I try to express them in such a way that it's not so much like I'm an open book. I try to use poetic and interesting phrases to make them tell their own story, so it's autobiographical but I think through kind of a twisted lens.

Was there any apprehension about wearing your heart on your sleeve, so-to-speak?

Well no, and I think that using poetry helps with that. I don't want to go out there and say, "My life sucks, and this guy left me, and then I was walking down the street, and then I got spat on by some guy..." I think that becomes uninteresting after a while. It's like ranting.

I read somewhere that a lot of the songs on your debut full-length were written when you were a few years younger than you are right now...

They were written basically over the last ten years.

Are they still relevant to you now?

Yeah. It was very important for me to get those songs down on a record and sort of encapsulate that time that I spent in the last seven or eight years having a strange music career and working

a lot with my brother and having my own little very underground career. I built up a small fan base and I had three EP's, so it was important for me to get that on a record in order to move on to the next thing and the next stage in my life; also, to sort of honour the songs and give them a chance to be available to the masses of people that are going to buy it. Hah!

So not just the CDobaby crowd?

Exactly. So I was happy to go back and visit the library of stuff that was there. I'm also not an incredibly prolific writer, so it was useful to me to have written a lot of songs, and I think a lot of them were good enough to warrant being put on a record. Also, I think that they tell an interesting story of someone in their 20's, rather than a record that's all "Last year I broke up with this guy and..." I think it's a grander, wider palette. And lastly, I also write the songs in such a way that I can remain interested because I think they all have several layers of meaning, so you can always choose to focus on one feeling about the song for a while, and then a month later sing about the other side of the song. I change the songs all the time.

That's interesting, because the casual listener out there might find the album a bit lyrically one-dimensional, as a lot of them deal with the passage of time, and the tone seems fairly similar throughout. The emotional content is very raw and sincere, but there seems to be a bit of negativity bubbling through the surface in every song.

Right, but I think that if you look further, every song is actually about hope. All of them end on an upswing. I find, whether it's the Oprah song ["TV Show"], which says "Not the way that I don't love you, but the way that I hate myself", but the last line is "Not the way that I don't love you, but the way that I love myself", or "This Life", which is a song about listening to old country music and finding the power through music to move on instead of killing yourself... I think that a lot of the songs are cathartic—I might be inspired to write a song when I'm troubled by something, but through the writing of it I generally feel a lot better. I think that that comes out in them, to be honest.

I was wondering about the choice to put "Whither Must I Wander" on your album as the closing song. Did it stem from a desire to have some sort of thematic consistency on the album or was it a product of some other motivation?

I think that it was a combination of a lot of things. I think it sums up the record nicely, it's a great ending song, and it's also really nice to take it away from the Martha Wainwright boo-hoo-hoo, woe-is-me, navel-gazing thing a bit and bring in

a more global and beautiful character. I also put it on the record because I had just learnt it and liked it, and because I have always been asked to sing old songs, mostly standards (and standards that aren't too famous hopefully, because of the way that I sing). I felt that everyone was putting standards on their records, everything from the forties and the thirties, and I thought "I don't want to do that. Let's open up the music box another thirty years and bring it back to the turn of the century and revisit that interesting time in music."

Obviously your family is very musical. Can you elaborate on your surroundings growing up and how much of an influence that exerted on you and your musical development?

The environment that my brother and I grew up in was one that embraced individual creativity and emotional exploration, in the sense that we weren't all sitting around in a banjo jamboree. There was a high level of really critical music listening and an interest in experimentation, but in a way that was behind doors. It wasn't showy. What I picked up from that was not so much an ability to play with other people and jam out on funk music. What it pushed me to do more was put myself into a secluded, private place, with just me on the guitar, to try and express the things that I was feeling. I never thought to write songs really until devastating things happened to me—I wasn't writing little tunes at fourteen.

Is there still a competitive musical environment in your family? A rivalry of sorts?

I don't think so. Right now I'm a little out of the loop, in the sense that I used to sing a lot with the McGarrigles before this record came out, and with Rufus, but now it's time to do a little bit less of that and focus on trying to set up a long career for myself. It's never going to be separate from those people, and I'm glad about that because I think there's an incredible amount of respect and awe that we all have for one another, because everyone's so fucking talented in their own way. So, more than a competitiveness, sometimes I'm intimidated and I'm scared that I won't succeed, but I feel that with other musicians too.

Having seen the bar set so high, is there ever a fear that it's difficult to live up to what's come before?

Yeah. I think that one of the strange ways that I make music is I make music with an incredible amount of confidence and an incredible amount of vulnerability. The way that I present songs, especially live, I think there's a real side of me that's worried that it's not good enough, or that it's fraudulent that I'm standing up on a stage, or that it was handed to me by my family. But then

there's a part of me that knows that it's not bad, that it's pretty good. You have to have a lot of confidence to get up on stage every night and do this, so there must be some there somewhere.

Okay. So I know you're not going to like this next question very much... It's about your dad...

I didn't write that song about my dad, by the way.

Well that's a very strong misconception then, because it's been discussed in pretty much every single thing that I've read...

I know, because I made the mistake of telling someone that I did and then saying it on stage. What happened was I wrote that song based on an argument that I had with my dad about him not taking me seriously as a musician. In retrospect, I think I wrote it because I was concerned he might be right. In my mid-twenties, I was doing a lot of hanging out and I wasn't sure if I really wanted to become a professional musician. I had a very underground career and he took me aside and said something like, "Look Martha, sugar, get off the pot. What are you doing?", as any concerned parent would do. And I, as any sort of young person in my mid-twenties would do to a parent, was like "Well fuck you, motherfucker! Who are you to tell me?" I think I wrote that song almost as a battle-call to myself, to convince myself that I was good enough. So I went into writing the song going "Fuck you, dad!" or whatever, but if you listen to the lyrics it's all in the first person, and it says "For you, whoever you are". I don't mean that to my dad... I mean it to whoever the person is that's questioning me. "Bloody Mother Fucking Ashhole" came out of my mouth after I'd written the song, and I thought it was so fucking funny that I couldn't just not let it. It was an inspired moment. So that song has gotten me into a lot of trouble with that subject, although my father doesn't care. I don't think he's ever actually responded to it in that way. Anyone who writes songs knows there's a certain amount of poetic license. And also, you can start writing a song about someone, especially when it's very emotional, and you'll feel differently the next day, but you're still gonna sing that song if it was well-written. And a song like "Bloody Mother Fucking Ashhole" is useful to me and to everyone in the audience because no one in the audience cares who it's about for me. They all have an idea of who it's about for them, and that's where the song takes on its own life. It's no longer about me and this argument that I had with my dad, it's about a lot of different things.

Different things to different people.

Yeah.



Art by Nicole Ondre

"In case you're wondering who this funny old bloke is," a 63 year-old John Peel once told the expectant young Britons watching him on TV's Top of the Pops. "I'm the one who comes on Radio 1 late at night and plays records made by sulky Belgian art students in basements dying of TB."

John Peel – A Frankly Monstrous FM Legacy

By Andy Hudson

John Peel rarely surfaced from his subterranean program on BBC radio, where he played unknown, unpolished music to the British public for an astonishing 37 years. Very likely he was the only DJ to cue Killehandchop's "Dance Floor Seizure" after Elvis Presley's "Teddy Bear" and blithely announce that "If Elvis were alive today, I think he'd understand happy hardcore" without talking codswallop. Peel just never kicked his juvenile habit for the new and objectionable music. He died suddenly last October at 65, four times older than most of his audience. Now The Undertones sing at his graveside—"Teenage dreams, so hard to beat."

Peel is not widely known in Canada. A national facsimile might be a Patti Schmidt/Peter Gzowski cross with a Liverpoolian accent. Our silky Schmidt never plays a record at the wrong speed, however, as Peel frequently did. Nor would Peel, even at 65, need to remind Iggy Pop not to call him "sir," as did our Mr. Canada when he interviewed the young punk in 1977.

But Peel is a legend in Britain. Even Tony Blair made time to call him "a genuine one-off." Over 300 live gigs rang in the first John Peel Day on October 13th, the anniversary of his final broadcast. In the recent crush of accolades, admirers tend to list the most successful bands Peel championed.

So, early on, Peel played Captain Beefheart to enthusiastic excess, even drove a van for him and his Magic Band in '68. Peel dragged T-Rex to many of his early gigs, "often with disastrous results." Brian Eno first heard The Velvet Underground on Peel's program, and it's where The Ramones

and other punks won their first British air time.

In the 1980's, Peel introduced Britain to reggae, played Pulp before Britpop, and Nirvana before grunge. Guitarist Johnny Marr says The Smiths learned how to make records by playing "Peel sessions"—sets of four tracks recorded in three to four hours with an in-house engineer at the BBC's Maida Vale studio. "This Charming Man" was written for such a session, and many of the recordings on The Smiths' *Hatful of Hollow* were taken from the show. When Joy Division first played for Peel it was the only cash they had made for months. More recently, Peel broke in electronic acts like Vitalic and Alter Ego, covered the Groningen music festival, and shepherded The White Stripes into Europe.

The word "immeasurable" also tends to peep up when critics harp on Peel's legacy. So far as I know, only gods and blue quarks are truly immeasurable, and I doubt the somewhat stocky Peel ever bent his particle traces into 7-tuple space. NME did give him an award for God-Like Genius, however.

Well, if Peel was a god, why did he leave? Is the end indeed nigh? More alarming, with no accurate colifer of Peel's program, will radio ever sound so good again?

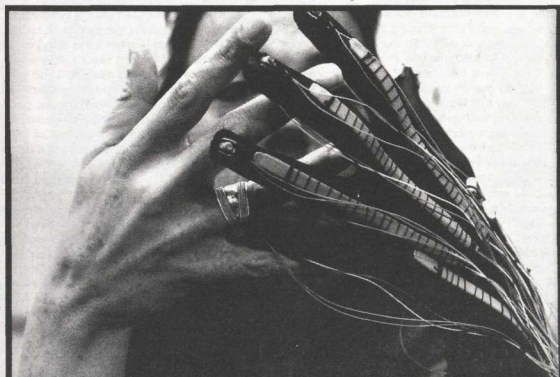
A few numbers may help. At his thatched cottage home north of London, Peel reinforced the walls to hold 26 789 LPs. A shed in the backyard held his 45s, another one his 7"s. Bids for the collection have reached £1 million, and the British Library is interested. Since the BBC hired him away from London Pirate Radio, Peel logged 15,000 hours of air time and recorded 4,000

sessions. In his last years at BBC, by which time the internet had greatly expanded his audience, Peel received roughly 180 to 220 demos a week. He spent six to eight hours a day listening to records.

His influence is tricky to track because Peel eschewed mainstream promoters, rotations, and bought his own records. Swamped with more demos than he could possibly hear, the record companies gave up sending him promos. He was as much a champion of free form radio as he was of unsigned bands, unafraid to play a whole album or the same track twice if he liked it enough. He was an unabashed fan, recording 28 sessions for his favourite band, The Fall. "Apparently there are some people out there who don't love The Fall," he said once, "I spun them with my toe."

If you never heard John Peel, you could join the shadowy groups who trade radio tapes and tracklistings online—the most diligent recorder was a night janitor in Musselborough. Better yet, there are the Peel sessions, *The Culture*, *The Silts*, and *The White Stripes sessions* are a few of the choicest. Peel was halfway through his autobiography when he died, but his wife Sheila Ravenscroft (affectionately known as The Pig) has just completed the project, called *Margrave of the Marshes*.

To me, Peel meant listening to Shitmat, The Fall, Jawbone, old 78s, and unpronounceable death metal from Belgrade. To radio history, Peel meant a good deal more than one hapless admirer can possibly list on a page.



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by Jeff Helm

LESSON 1: Lead Vocals

So you want to be the singer?

Or are you just the loudest one in the band with the biggest ego and least instrumental talent? If you want to be able to rock it, and rock it well, you'd better be ready for some toil my friend.

Before you can belt out the power anthems you have to breathe. To get the most out of your respiratory system you should breathe with your gut rather than your chest. You need to get that belly moving in and out. If your shoulders go up and down when you are gasping for air, you are not doing it right. Having good air support will help you stay on pitch and not strain your voice.

Straining should always be avoided because the root cause of most vocal damage is tension in your throat. A tight muscle is more likely to get injured and your vocal cords are no exception. Keeping your throat relaxed will actually help you hit those high notes, so make a conscious effort to NOT strain.

Warming up will also help keep your vocal cords relaxed and limber. A 10-minute warm up right before a show or practice is usually sufficient. The specifics of what to warm up on vary depending on the vocalist, but there are two common features of any warm up:

1) It needs to go through your entire range. 2) Keep a light relaxed voice throughout the whole warm up. Remember, it's a warm up; it does not matter if your tone is crap, as long as you stay on pitch and keep your throat relaxed.

In addition to keeping your throat limber, you have to keep it moist. There is some controversy in regards to what liquids are good and what liquids are bad for your vocal cords. Alcohol, which is

often the liquid of choice for rockers, can also tighten your vocal chords and dry them out. On the other hand, there are benefits to be gained from a couple pints. What I find works best for me is a gradual lessening of alcoholic content as you lead up to the performance: start with liquor, move to beer, and finally end with water. Warm water seems to be the simplest and most efficient liquid for keeping your throat happy.

Now you're warmed up and ready to rock, but first you need a microphone and amplifier to project your voice into the same decibel range as the rest of your band. Some people have certain brands they swear by for gear, but I don't want this to be a commercial. As a vocalist your instrument is your voice—having a good vocal microphone and sound system helps to bring out what is already there, but it's not going to make you sound good if you suck. That said, investing in a good vocal microphone can help for a number of reasons: 1) Do not assume that the sound system at the gig will have quality microphones. 2) If you have your own microphone you only have to worry about your own germs, or at the very least, a smaller pool of germs. 3) By consistently using the same microphone you will get to know how to best use it to get the sound you want.

However, the most important thing a vocalist should be concerned with when setting up the sound is the volume of the vocal monitors. If they're not loud enough, you won't hear yourself and will overcompensate, which can lead to straining and blowing out your voice. If the PA and monitors are mixed out and you still cannot hear yourself well enough, everyone else needs to turn down the stage sound.

Now the mechanics of the voice and sound system have been dealt with and it is time for the show. This is the point where things break down to philosophy. Everyone I have talked to has a slightly different approach to music performance and what a lead singer should be. What works for one may not work for others. This touches on the one unifying idea that I have gotten from every performer: find your own voice. Yes, you may really like how Joey Ramone, or Bruce Dickinson, or Neil Young sing, and it's okay to be influenced by the greats, but don't try to sound like them. Chances are that what works for the idols will not work for you, and if it does, you have definite tribute band potential. Ultimately, the best thing is not force it, do what feels right. If you are channeling the rock and get the impulse to fall on your knees and howl, then go for it, but if you're just doing it because you think it would look cool...well, that's acting and I don't know much about acting.

Once the show is done you should still work your vocal cords regularly to keep them in good shape. You could do regular vocal exercises or just sing songs whenever you feel like it, as long as you are doing more than just your once-a-week jam with the band. If you can afford the time and money, getting some vocal coaching from a professional that understands the demands rocking puts on your voice is well worth it.

NOW GET OUT THERE AND ROCK'N'ROLL!!



Thanks out to Cameron Dilworth, Scott McLeod, Caleb Stull, and Mary Sweet for letting me ask them questions.

Big thanks out to Sue Leon, my vocal coach, who taught me a lot of the tips in the article.

Photos by Karin Abramova

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BoyGroove's Back, Alright



by Kat Siddle

The Backstreet Boys released a new album last June, but if you really want to see a boy band, go see BoyGroove. They're not a real band. They're not even a real boy band, whatever that means. They're a bunch of actors playing a boy band, in the funniest satire about the ubiquitous late-nineties trend that I've ever seen. The play, written by Chris Craddock and Aaron Macri, and directed by Kenneth Brown, describes the rise and fall of a fictional boy band called, surprise surprise, BoyGroove. Teen pop in general, and boy bands in particular, have always been ripe for mockery, and the idea's been done more than a few times. But pop satires like MTV's *Zgether* and *Josie and the Pussycats* tended to be a little dumbed-down, not quite as funny as they should have been. BoyGroove on the other hand, is dead-on, rigorously mimicking the sights, sounds and synchronized dancing. Apparently I wasn't the only charmed by this light and lovely production—the play made this year's Pick of the Fringe and is running nightly at the Waterfront Theatre from November 8-18th. Thank god, I say, since I want everyone who had to suffer through "Quil Playing Games (With My Heart)" to see it.

Though BoyGroove skewers this ridiculous moment in pop culture with hilarious precision, it would be a mistake to assume that everything the play mocks has disappeared with N'SYNC. Boy bands may have gone the way of the dinosaur, but the mechanisms of fame haven't changed much. Cookie-cutter tracks by people who can't really be defined as "musicians" or "artists" still top the charts, and fame appears to be handed out arbitrarily, with little regard for talent or merit. Additionally, boy bands have left a deeper impression on pop culture than anyone admits—the legacy (or blight) of reality music television.

Sure, you can blame *Survivor*, or *The Learning Channel* or European TV trends for the takeoff of reality TV as a whole. But in Canada, at least, the

first music reality show concerned itself with the creation of a boy band. When ABC's *Making the Band* debuted, everyone knew that top-selling pop acts were manufactured, and no one seemed to care any more. The show came near the end of boy bands' popularity, but its creation, *O-Town*, was as real as any other boy band. The only difference was that the process of manufacturing had been televised. The very similar Warner Bros. series *Popstars* followed, along with the crooner-heavy *American Idol* and genre specialties like Missy Elliot's hip hop vehicle *The Road to Fame*. Styles of music changed, but the process remained very much the same.

The themes explored in BoyGroove—ambition, image, heterosexual conformity—are reiterated on every episode of these TV shows. The process of manufacturing a commercial pop act has been not only exposed but institutionalized, married to wistful dreams of being "discovered". Television (the boy band's true media form) is now populated not only by pop stars who have "made it" with record deals and top-40 videos, but by hopefuls and wannabes. BoyGroove simply picks up on these stories where *Idol* leaves off.

If you can't make it to BoyGroove, you're missing out. The only solution would be to rent *This Is Spinal Tap* or download a bunch of I.A.T.U. videos, because the only thing as funny as fake pop stars are fake metal heads and Russian schoolgirl lesbians with husbands and kids.

BoyGroove runs nightly at the Waterfront Theatre from November 8-18th with matinees at 2pm on Saturdays and no shows on Sundays or Mondays, since even pseudo boy bands need their rest.

art by Zöe Alexander



Under Review



controller.controller
X-Amounts
(Paper Bag Records)

Early success leads to expectation. Expectation leads to disappointment. Controller. Controller must regret having been so good so young.

When their seven-song record *History* came out in 2004, it was a blast of perfectly timed death-disc, unleashed from Toronto right as kids were learning to dance again. It was strikingly vital; so fresh it seemed to have been recorded on the day you picked it up. Their sound was infectious and undeniable. No one could stand still. So with their first proper full-length, *X-Amounts*, the pressure is on. Expectant ears are waiting for this band to fail, and the answer as to whether or not they deliver depends entirely on what you want the music to do.

For the most part, Controller.Controller seems content to get your high-tops on the dance floor. The album is rooted on dance-steady rhythms and snake-like basslines, slithering throughout the tracks, giving the melody space to flourish. The listener is persuaded to move by the band's two guitarists that expertly cut hooks like Goldfinger's laser inching its way towards Bond's crotch.

But there is something deeper at work throughout *X-Amounts*. Perhaps the most

noticeable difference between records is lead singer Nirmala Basnyake's voice, which has a bolder, jazzier inflection here, making her sound like she's actually passionate about what she's saying. And she says a lot. Controller.Controller differ from other dance-rock acts in that their lyrics require some attention. This is established early, on third-track "Poison/Safe" as she demands that "You should swallow every word I say/So you can spit them out when you cry."

If the bass drum is the pounding heart of the band, then Basnyake is undeniably the soul. But at the same time she throws the fluidity of the rhythms, singing in jolting phrases, like surreal scraps of conversation you overhear on the street. Her words are evocative and ominous, rarely giving the listener the satisfaction of a rhyme. During "Straight in the Head" she asks "You got my back/Or you got the knife/Who will say who's going home tonight?" which epitomizes what her band is all about. Once you start to dance, you're never quite sure if you're going to come back alive.

But if you're looking for memorable numbers, you're not likely to find many. There aren't any songs on *X-Amounts* that will have the same resonance as *History*'s title track or "Disco Blackout," both of which are rewarding even beyond their patented danceability. *X-Amounts* can be viewed as either samey or consistent depending on how much slack you're willing to give the band. It's the kind of album you can just throw on at a party and never have to attend to, but for the private listener, the structure grows tiring. The same beat guides about half of the album, and some bass lines, most noticeably in "Tigers Not Daughters" and "Poison/Safe" are all but completely interchangeable.

On "City of Daggers," Basnyake asks "Haven't you heard this one before?" and by that point you're actually not quite sure. Though it's a fun trip, as the record pulses its way to a close, even the most optimistic listener will feel that some part of their expectation is left unrealized. This stuff is fun for now, but it's no longer as vital as it once seemed.

Mike LaPointe

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club **HOWL** (RCA)

I'm so sick of waiting around for the next Britrock flavor-of-the-month to burst out the next dance craze. The same jarring vocals and gyrating dance beats have been imitated, duplicated, and are getting dilapidated. But what's worse is it's mostly non-British bands doing the duplication. Don't get me wrong, there will always be a place in my heart for that particular sound. But my ears are over-saturated. So you can imagine my surprise when I heard a band that sounded like where it was actually from! Enter Black Rebel Motorcycle Club.

BRMC is a band who's roots show as clear as the lyrics that

pour out of your headphones. *HOWL* takes it back to the low-key bygone era of American heavies like Johnny Cash. The Zombies. Velvet Underground, and Willie Nelson (pre-Jessica Simpson collaboration). BRMC has delved into America's musical heritage and allowed themselves to be inspired by country, roots, gospel and blues, and amalgamated it into a fantastic contemporary rock album. The production is simple and true and the songs flow like ear medicine from the living room speakers. The atmosphere is impeccable. The songwriting is honest. All-in-all, this is retro at its finest. Yet, it isn't retro at all... This is American rock 'n' roll—Welcome back to the party.

Daniel McCash

The Briefs **Steal Yer Heart** (BYO Records)

Remember when you were 14 years old and thought that the quality of a band's musical talent was directly correlated with how funny and nonsensical their songs were? Well, it's time to take a trip down memory lane, because the Briefs are back with a new record on BYO, and they sure as hell have brought the humour with them. *Steal Yer Heart* manages to be both a hilarious and catchy punk/new wave/pop record. You know you're in for a good time when the leading track is "Genital General", a song about being a master of, uh, servicing yourself. The hilarity continues with songs about getting hit on the

bank, zombies, and the always amusing topic of cougars. The song "Forty and Above", sung by the band's newest member, Stevie Kicks (formerly of the local group the New Town Animals), is an ode to women that "are into younger men". The Briefs do not fail to let the rollicking good times (rock 'n' roll).

Marielle K.

Broken Social Scene **s/** (Arts & Crafts)

I wanted this review to be an odyssey of music criticism. I wanted this review to be a journey through the heart and soul of Broken Social Scene—a band that has helped change the face of alternative Canadian music. I also wanted a pumpkin scone at the Starbucks that I was writing this in. But none of those desires materialized (including the scone). What I got instead was an album of unbridled energy and enthusiasm.

There were some noticeable differences in the progression from BSS' debut to this new album. This is an alternative album that really takes its time to give you the goods. But where are the hooks? Everyone that owns a copy of *You Forgot It in People* knows that at the right party, if you hum out the first few notes of KC Accidental, all the other Converge-shod kids will fill in the rest of the instruments in a kind of hipster capella. This catchy quality hangs in contrast with their new self-titled disc: I doubt anyone is going to be singing along to much of their new material. But that's not to say that Broken Social Scene's latest work is devoid of memorable melody. They just take the scenic route to its ear-melting hooks and exploding orchestral rockouts. This is a good album. So check it out.

Daniel McCash

The Deadly Snakes **Porcella** (In the Red)

The Snakes' previous release *Ode to Joy*, released during the tail-end of the garage revival fad, separated the band from the mass of boring rehash with their liberal use of organ, brass and chunky piano supporting the distinctive vocals of lead singer "Age of Danger" and Andre Ethier. In the Red release of *The Dribbombs*, *Pussy Gaiore* and the like may give cause to brand the Deadly Snakes "garage rock" but their latest release, *Porcella*, sees them venture deeper into a realm that should be simply classified as "good music". As with their previous releases, comparisons

to The Kinks cannot be avoided and the Snakes admittedly feed off their Village Green-era (when the Kinks learned to play their instruments). This latest offering abides by the informal rule that bands that have achieved some success must at some point introduce a string section into the mix. For a band whose charm comes by having the instrumentation highlight the dark and swaggering vocals, creating a more dense arrangement could have easily detracted from the sexiness of the whole. Thankfully, in part due to increased vocal counterpointing between Danger and Ethier, the lyrics still win out most of the time and the momentum is not slowed. In and of themselves the lyrics are great and tied together with a fatalistic thread. On "Sissy Blues" Danger belts out, "At 5 o'clock I just recede into the shadows. It's a young man's job and I know I'm nothing new," highlighting the weariness that pervades most of the tracks. Don't be fooled by the association with garage. These arrangements are consistent, interesting and catchy from first listen but don't tire with repeated spins. Essentially, one of my favorites this year.

Science Walker

Doomdivers **"Black Thunder"** (Deathwish)

The cover art actually says a ton about this band. Front cover: a Grim Reaper engulfed in green flames, riding a black Pegasus, clasping a lightning bolt in front of a purple sky. Back cover: an eyeball with a skull in the middle, shooting lightning bolts out of a green sky. Thirteen songs. Galloping... soaring... lightning bolts, hellfire and death. Yup. Great stuff. I dig it: classic rock, hardcore, death metal, skateboarding, apocalyptic fantasy lyrics. No need to get too serious or deep here; just bang your head, enjoy the riffs. Right on dude, that solo was wicked. Do it again. Pass me a beer. Awesome.

Doomdivers are from Boston and feature a member of Converge. The album was recorded at a studio by another member of Converge and released on a label owned by yet another member of Converge. Other members of Doomdivers are formerly of Cast Iron Hike and Hallikraker. It's great to know that the pagans and the hardcore kids are learning to get along these days. It wasn't always this way 'n'know, I hope more HC kids find the merit in metal and vice versa.

There's actually more diversity on *Black Thunder* than I was expecting: tempo changes, singing, screaming, and growling—lots of growling—but not too much. There are too many influences to list. If Entombed listened to more Thin Lizzy and Danzig than Slayer, you'd be close. Fans of High on Fire and Mastodon will like this.

Songs like "The Long Walk", "Ride or Die", and "The Chase" follow similar themes traversing wastelands of fire and ice. The lyrics are exactly what you'd expect them to be with lots of four horsemen imagery and serpents and werewolves. Others, like "Listen up" and "Fuck This Shit!", are straight-up profanity and riffs. The classic rock/metal/hardcore mix isn't groundbreaking, but it's very well done and the band finds its own groove. I couldn't pick a favourite song; it's strong all the way. Just ride the wave of doom from start to finish.

Tavis Pastor

Idelwild **Warnings/Promises** (Capitol)

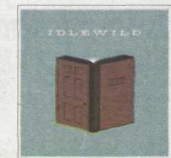
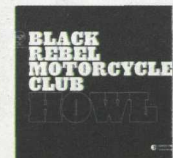
"We call it Idelwild. Isn't that a poetical name?"

Any band that names itself after a "romantic spot" in L.M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables* is awesome, no matter what. Fortunately the Scottish band Idelwild lives up to the good name it borrows. Anne with an E would surely agree.

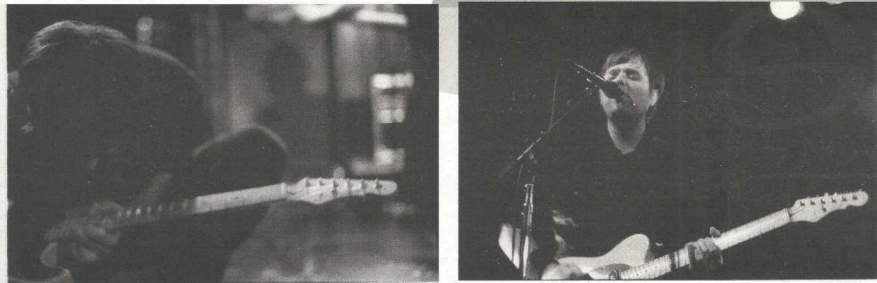
The band's fourth album, *Warnings/Promises*, released last month across North America, maintains Idelwild's pledge to deliver thoughtful words set to electric guitar and skindriven melodies. From the anthem-like "Love Steals Us from Loneliness" to the I-can't-help-but-play-this-on-repeat "Not Just Sometimes," Roddy Woomble and his mates lavishly furnish the listener with a glut of delicious rock songs. But wedged between the heavier pieces are scintillating sing-along gems, like "El Capitán", which subtly lulls the listener with its nostalgic piano-driven opener only to shake and charge you to "Stand up and Stand out."

The album drifts from the archetypal Idelwild framework, doing away with punk elements almost entirely (save for "I Want a Warning") in favour of something a little more down home. Hybrid country rock songs like "Blame it on Obvious Ways" and "Disconnected", with their candid use of slide guitars and heart-on-sleeve vocals offer perhaps glimpses of what's to come for this band. Bring it on, I say.

Katherine Scarrow



Real Live Action



Death Cab for Cutie @ The Commodore. Photos by Grace Ma

Death Cab for Cutie Youth Group October 03 Commodore Ballroom

Youth Group was the perfect opener for DCFC because both bands take things slow without being boring. Making their Vancouver debut, Youth Group had a very melodic and clean-cut sound. Most of the set was pretty mellow except for the upbeat "Someone Else's Dream" and poppy "Underpass". They're all about the details, these guys, not your simple three-chord fare. "Drowned" featured great slide guitar and while "Shadowland" had lovely guitar picking. One of the memorable songs was "See Saw" with its awesome long intro and outro. The attention-getter of the group had to be the drummer, Danny Allen. Very dynamic on the skins, he overpowered the rest of the band a bit but gave the songs much needed energy. The band played it safe, but it was a while to get the majority of the room's attention.

This will probably be the last time fans will get to see DCFC in a small venue. The new album, *Plans*, was on full display tonight, starting with "Marching Bands of Manhattan" and the current single, "Soul Meets Body". Ben Gibbard's soft vocals must be a blessing and a curse 'cause tonight it was hard to hear him clearly through the entire set. The band led the audience do their best emote, with older material like "Army Corp of Architects" and the catchy steady beat of "Title and Registration". The catchy upbeat chorus of "The Sound of Settling" got some major pogo action on the floor. These songs weren't given any new treatment but the crowd still loved it.

The band seemed more into jamming and rocking out than interacting with the crowd...but to a certain point. When Gibbard was delivering his raspy bittersweet tones in "Expo 86", (how appropriate for tonight) he forgot the lyrics and had to get the audience to fill in the blank. Also, the response was crazy when he mentioned Calgary in one of the newer songs. For their encore, they played the melancholy "Tiny Vessels" with a heavier all-rock fuzzed middle, and the heavier sing-along "Transatlanticism" that ended with a grand wall of sound. Another sweet moment was when Gibbard

came out alone with an acoustic guitar and sang the simple but moving, "I Will Follow You into the Dark", and to his surprise, everyone already knew the words. No campfire session could come close to this. It's a testament to how devoted DCFC fans are. I pledge allegiance to the band...

Emily Khong

Arcade Fire Bell Orchestra Wolf Parade October 07 PNE Forum

People unaware that the Arcade Fire shares members with one of this tour's opening bands were surprised at the familiar faces in the Bell Orchestra. The wintry post-rockers' strings and horns gave off *Do Make Say Think* and *Dirty Three* vibes, but more stripped-down and humble—they trod their territory well, but didn't often venture outside it. Even if they could have been a bit more dynamic and interesting, their performance was moving and maintained most of the crowd's interest.

Sub Pop buzz band *Wolf Parade* (Isaac Brock-approved!) just barely arrived in time to set up their gear, thanks to a traffic accident on the way. The lack of sound check left the sound mix a muddy mess that gradually improved. Still, these lycanthropes from Montreal bit into track after punchy track, channeling the spirit of *Modest Mouse* into heavy guitars, frenetic keyboards, and drunken howls (at the moon!).

As expected, the venue was packed full of hipsters and youngsters eager and excited for the stars of the show. And as expected, the eight musicians carefully constructed an overwhelming roar of melodrama and pomp, with as many layers and textures as their accompanying light show. What occurred to me as I watched and listened was that many *Arcade Fire* songs are, essentially, dance music, based as they are on the importance of the steady background beat driving everything forward (where would songs like "Neighbourhood #3" be without that rhythmic stamp?).

That's what brought so much excitement to this show, with everyone carried away by the booming march of "Rebellion (Lies)", "Neighbourhood #2",

and all the other songs we all knew so well. Adding to that were the myriad of sing-along chants and choruses, when elite people plus a few thousand more shouted "lies, lies" or "oo-oooh-ooh" with almost holy devotion. Meanwhile, any band members with free hands flailed about and created joyful mayhem in the Forum, and Win Butler even smashed his guitar mid-set. The completely unexpected *New Order* cover ("Age of Consent") as the second encore capped it all off with style to spare. With an end like that, this band and this night couldn't do anything but fulfill everyone's expectations.

Simon Foreman

Constantines The Hold Steady October 14 Richard's on Richards

As I settled in on the balcony of Richards on Richards to swill some beer, take in The Hold Steady and do some crowd watching, lead singer Craig Finn inexplicably declared "Everyone's a critic, but most people are D.J.s!" As I let this comment sink in, I looked around the room, noticing some strange and incongruous behaviour: from the fist-pumping jocks in the crowd to the plastic, dissonant keyboard stabs of the mustached ivory fiddler Franz Nickolay, there was something strange in the air. While my theory is that early shows are a kind of limbo between working and partying that leaves people unsure of how to conduct themselves, it could also be that Finn's deranged ramblings created a metaphysical disturbance in the audience, lurking around the stage and coating the crowd with a fine salivary mist. Finn appeared to have been granted powers beyond that of the ordinary rock 'n' roll singer. Although the lyrics were largely unintelligible, I knew the force of what was being said from the albums, and it was a joy to see the words born live.

The actual music was pretty good too: while at times it strayed into typical bar-rock fare, the elite trashy guitar solos of Tad Kubler on top of a pounding rhythm section had me doing a little fist-pumping of my own. The band played through songs from their two albums with total conviction, wailing hard in the *Wayne's World* musical tradition. Despite the flailing of hard rock conventions,

little things like discernible melodies or predictable song structures were noticeably absent. With a less talented band this rambling aesthetic would quickly grow boring and abrasive, but the tight interplay between each musician kept the set from descending into chaotic amateur hour. By the time they were done their energetic and captivating set, any psychic misgivings about the earliness of the hour were completely forgotten.

As soon as The Constantines began pounding out the syncopated beat to "Draw Us Lines" with the help of keyboardist Will Kidman on an extra bass drum, I took my pint downstairs and immersed myself in the writing of proletarian mass. Sure, most of us were either students or comfortably middle class, but something about this band from the industrial wasteland of Ontario mobilized our every(woman) fervour. Fists were raised in rock 'n' roll solidarity, held up straight in recognition of something pure and defiant at the core of this music. When vocalist Jay Webb strained his overworked larynx to belt out the chorus to "Working Full Time", the crowd unabashedly screamed along. There were no disco beats to be found, and no keyboards drenched in sunbeams. Instead there was Steve Lambie wielding his guitar like a weapon, crushing our heads with his dense, mid-range jiffing. Looking absolutely filthy in an acid-washed denim vest, bassist Dallas Wehrle stoically worked the low end, grabbing the mic only to declare that we were witnessing the "Shotgunned Beers Tour". After an incredibly high-energy set, highlighted by an extended rock-out on "Shine a Light", the band retreated backstage, no doubt hoping to shotgun a beer or two. They quickly returned in response to the crowd's plaintive cries, and we were treated to a raucous encore, culminating in a bluesy cover of AC/DC's "Ride On". Sweating, ears ringing, I stumbled out into the street, only to realize that it was only ten o'clock; my rock 'n' roll gals sliders were good for a couple more hours.

David Ravensbergen

SUDDEN DEATH RECORDS

& JOE "SHITHEAD" KETTLER PRESENT...
POINTED STICKS

PERFECT YOUTH
CD has 4 rare bonus tracks
Limited edition blue 12" vinyl
The Pointed Sticks were a West Coast phenomenon that burned white hot 1978-81. These Vancouver greats created a unique legacy with their pop/rock/punk sound. Perfect Youth, produced by Bob Rock captures their bright, fresh and fun sound at the band's peak.

YOUNG CANADIANS

NO ESCAPE
CD - Incredible and twisted rock/punk band (1978-83) from Vancouver; Art Bergmann, Barry Taylor and Jim Boscott (R.I.P.) 22 track CD includes: Hawaii, Automata and Data Redux

MODERNETTES

GET IT STRAIGHT
CD - Great Vancouver pop punk band led by Taylor and Boscott. Now this 18 track CD combines original '82 tracks like: War, Liar For Hire and War in the East w/10 other great anti-war activist tunes

D.O.A.

War on 45
D.O.A.'s 1982 release. Now this 18 track CD combines original '82 tracks like: War, Liar For Hire and War in the East w/10 other great anti-war activist tunes

LIVE FREE OR DIE
New 20 track studio album by D.O.A. "It has a great anti-war theme and is probably D.O.A.'s best album in 20 years!" Ockham Publications
D.O.A. hit you with humour, politics and passion. Killer versions of classic protest songs "Eye of Destruction" and "Masters of War"

See D.O.A....

Thurs. Oct. 27th D.O.A. @ The Langford Pub. Van. BC
Fri. Oct. 28th D.O.A. @ Marqu's Rec. Ctr. Mats. BC All Ages
Thurs. Nov. 3rd D.O.A. @ Delta Ball. Mats. Mats. BC
Sat. Nov. 4th D.O.A. @ The Lucky Bar Victoria BC
Sun. Nov. 5th D.O.A. @ The Best Pub. Mats. BC
Wed. Dec. 21st D.O.A. @ The Railway Club. Van. BC 3rd annual D.O.A. Joe Joe Kermey set set as well as rock garage set
Sat. Jan. 21st D.O.A. @ Seyin Hall. N. Van. BC all ages

The REAL MCKENZIES

THE REAL MCKENZIES **Clash of the Titans**
CD/DVD 2nd album from these killer-wearing madmen

Pissed
CD/DVD
Increasingly rowdy new live album! features My Bonnie, Scots Wha Hae and Loch Lomond.

See www.suddendeath.com for CD/DVD and 7" by D.O.A., Damned, THOR, Vice Squad, Vibrators, Mojo Nixon, Geoff Berner, Toxic Nations, Sham 69, The Real McKenzies and more!

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Sudden Death Records
Cascades P.O.
Box 43051
Burnaby, BC
Canada V5C 3H0
email: info@suddendeath.com

CiTR Charts

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
1	Broken Social Scene*	Broken Social Scene	Arts & Crafts
2	We Are Wolves*	Non Stop	Fat Possum
3	The Winks/Tights*	Spill	Drip Audio
4	Broadcast	Tender Buttons	Warp
5	Tangiers*	The Family Myth	Baudelaire
6	Lightning Bolt	Hypermagic Mountain	Load
7	Adult	Gimmie Trouble	Thrill Jockey
8	Rogue Wave	Descended Like Vultures	Sub Pop
9	Kronos Quartet & David Barron	Harry Partch; U.S. Highball	Nonesuch
10	Electric Eel Shock	Beat Me	Gearhead
11	Neil Young*	Prairie Wind	Reprise
12	OOIOO	Gold and Green	Thrill Jockey
13	Various*	CFUR's the New Pink	Independent
14	Vallhalan*	Pop Violence	Saved by Radio
15	Metric*	Live It Out	Last Gang
16	The Maynards*	Break Out the Make Out	King Amos Productions
17	Deerhoof	The Runners Four	SRC
18	Harvey Danger	Little by Little	Phonographic

DISCORDER's monthly charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to git 'em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
19	Various	Do They Know It's Halloween?	Vice
20	Shout Out Out Out Out!	Nobody Calls Unless They Want Something	NRMLSWLCM
21	Controller:Controller*	X-Amounts	Paper Bag
22	Ladytron	Witching Hour	Rykodisc
23	Faunts*	High Expectations, Low Results	Independent
24	Sigur Ros	Takk...	Geffen
25	Devendra Banhart	Cripple Crow	XL
26	International Noise Conspiracy	Armed Love	American
27	Ruins	Pallaschom	Skin Graft
28	Fun 100*	Hit It & Quit	Hockey Dad
29	Wolf Parade*	Apologies to the Queen Mary	Sub Pop
30	Lichens	The Psychic Nature of Being	Kranky
31	The Fall	Fall Heads Roll	Narnack
32	Ninja High School	Young Adults Against Suicide	Blocks
33	The Doers*	The Plastic Bass EP	Red Cat
34	Hair Police	Constantly Terrified	Troubleman Unlimited
35	You Say Partly! We Say Die!	Hit the Floor	Sound Document

finding joy

by Luke Ramsey

(-) thank you (-)

The gorgeous scent of your home, has made me realise why my place smells so bloody awful. I blamed you for the stench. Now, I blame myself. I'm the one who neglected to water the plant you gave me.

You don't have to blame yourself. Some of the hardest lessons to learn, can be the most rewarding. So, why didn't you water it?

hmmmm...
Well, I left my home to find contentment elsewhere. I eventually found myself. Then, I lost myself right back where I started. Then I told myself to find you. So, here I am.

imu & C1TR 101.9FM present



tourist



CATLOW



philippe
cd release party



THE HERMIT



portico
cd release party



retrograde



THE FURIOS



JAZZBERRY RAM

sat nov 5th 8PM EARLY START!
TOURIST
Sonic City
HYBRAHMA
NOTCH & FULLY LOADED
@ UBC's PIT PUB, SUB LOWER LEVEL

sat nov 12th
CATLOW
MONGOOSE
BONTEMPI
@ THE LAMPLIGHTER, 210 Abbott St

fri nov 18th 7PM EARLY SHOW
PHILIPPE
CD RELEASE PARTY WITH
ANDRE CHRYS
@ THE MEDIA CLUB, 695 CAMBIE ST GEORGIA

sat nov 19th
THE HERMIT
IN JECT
Oceanic
Hey Ocean!
@ UBC's PIT PUB, SUB LOWER LEVEL

fri nov 25th
PORTICO
CD RELEASE PARTY WITH
The APPROACH
CADEAUX
@ THE BACKSTAGE LOUNGE, Granville Island

sat nov 26th
MOTION
SOUNDTRACK
RETROGRADE
SWEETHEART & GUESTS
@ UBC's PIT PUB, SUB LOWER LEVEL

fri dec 2nd
STAG REEL
CD RELEASE PARTY WITH
The FURIOS
@ THE LAMPLIGHTER, 210 Abbott St

sat dec 17th 7PM EARLY SHOW
JAZZBERRY
RAM XMAS PARTY
BIG TALL GARDEN
@ THE MEDIA CLUB, 695 CAMBIE ST GEORGIA

The C1TR 101.9fm Program Guide

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

<www.fricanrhythmsradio.com>

AFROBEAT (World)

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world, my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora.

Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it.
<uget_afrobeat@yahoo.com>

ALT. RADIO (Pop)

Hosted by David B.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Electic)

First Wednesday of every month.

ANOZE (Noise)

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (Electic)

All of time is measured by art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

AURAL TENTACLES (Electic)

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop)

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)
Real cowgirl-caught-in-her-boots country.

BLUE MONDAY (Goth/Industrial)

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlong to, hosted by Corcen.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Electic)

Your favourite brown-stars, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)

THE CANADIAN WAY (Electic)

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montréal! <thecanadianway@popstar.com>

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)

British pop music from all decades.

CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM (Dance)

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)

"En Avant la musique" se concentre sur le méliage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Electic)

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)
Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)

Up the punx, down the anal Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. flexyourhead. www.vancouverhardcore.com

FOLK OASIS (Roots)

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Bikenlochs? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997. <folkoasis@canada.com>

GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Punk)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. www.streetpunkradio.com <crashburnradio@yahoo.ca>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Electic)

IN THE SHADOWS (Hip Hop)

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as listed.

Nov. 7: Tonight one of the most important discoveries in the last 40 years never before issued with great sound quality: John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk with Ahmed Abdul-Malik (bass) adn the great "Shadow" Wilson (drums). Amazing music from a Carnegie hall concert on Nov. 29, 1957. Timeless!

Nov. 14: One of the best big bands ever: the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band live at the Village Vanguard. Along with James (cornet) and Lewis (drums), Eddie Daniels (clarinet and tenor), Pepper Adams (baritone), Sir Roland Hanna (piano) and so many more. Exciting and driving big band jazz at it's best!

Nov. 21: The jazz crusaders (later called "The Crusaders") were never given the full due as an important jazz group b the critics. The people knew better and the band thrived. Tonight the jazz crusaders in concert on the East

Coast (the Newport Jazz Festival) and the West Coast (the Pacific Jazz Festival). Solid stuff! Nov. 28: Some of Lester Young's greatest recorded playing. The "President" of the tenor saxophone on three dates with such peers as "Count" Basie, "Big Sid" Catlett (drums), "Papa Jo" Jones (drums), "Buck" Clayton (trumpet) and many others. "Prez" at his very best!

JUICE BOX (Talk)

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alex will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! <www.juiceboxradio.com>

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)

The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

LETS GET BAKED W/ MAT + DAVE

Vegan baking w. "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey Houston. The Novaks and more.

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...

(Electic)

It's hosted by Jordie Sparkle

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO

HELL (Live Music)

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...

Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this. This month will probably be the best month ever.

MOTORDADDY (Rock)

Cycle-rific rock and roll

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Electic)

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology and poetry (submissions welcome).

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVITTE

PRESENTS... (Nardwuar)

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. <www.necessaryvoices.org> <necessaryvoices@telus.net>

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE

(Drama)

All-original Canadian radio drama and performance art written and performed live-to-air by our very own team of playwrights and voice-actors. We also welcome you to get involved, whether you are a professional or inexperienced...

OUR WAVE (World)

WE point Magazine
www.pointmagazine.ca

bandcooler.com

C1TR 101.9FM

Get full show details at:
imuproductions.com

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

PEDAL VOLUTIONARY (Talk)

Viva la Velour! DJ Helme! Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <www.bikesexual.org>

PLANET LOVETRON (Dance/Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanishp.

<robertrobot@gmail.com>

PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR (Eclectic)

Start your week ridiculously early with Vancouver's super awesome fun time happy radio show. Playing all the dance-punk, electro, rock, new wave,

hip hop, 80's, etc. sh*t that your mom thinks is cool.

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Dance/Electronic)

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Hitchhike and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then? <http://plutonia.org>

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwin, and Metal Ron do the damage.

QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)

REEL TO REAL (Talk)

Movie reviews and criticism.

REGGAE LINKUP (Reggae)

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by sister B.

RHYMES AND REASONS (Hip Hop)

DJ Knowone slaves over hot-multi-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways, Strong Bad and occasional public service announcements. <eno_wonk@yahoo.ca>

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

Reggae in all styles and fashion.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge.

Book your jet set holiday now!

SALARIO MINIMO (World)

The SATURDAY EDGE (Roots) Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting chow of Drum n' Bass with Djs Jimungle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for giveaways everyweek. Keep feelin da beatz.

SKA-TS SCENE-IX DRIVE! (Ska)

Email requests to: <djska_ix@hotmail.com>

SOLARIZATION (Talk)

SUN OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

SWEET AND HOT

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless role may make you a fan! Here the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Dealer than the most dangerous criminal!

<bonnityr@bnet.com>

THUNDERBIRD RADIO NEWS (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." On Hiatus "11 September 7th and 9th"

TRANSCENDANCE (Dance)

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic-al. <transcendance@hotmail.com>

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (Goth/Industrial/Metal)

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake. <thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)

All the best the world of punk rock

has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn. Hosted by Trevor.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

Join the sports dept, for their coverage of the T-Birds.

WIGFLUX RADIO (Reggae)

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

W.I.N.G.S (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service

WORLD HEAT (World)

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday

6~	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	BBC	BBC	BBC
7	TANA RADIO (WO)	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)
8	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)	LIOWS' AND TIGERS AND BEARS (EC)	THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)	FILL-IN	SWEET 'N' HOT (EC)	SKA-TS SCENIC DRIVE (SK)
9			MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC)	ANOIZE (NO)	FILL-IN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)
10	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)	FILL-IN	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	NEW COMIC BOOK SHOW (TK)	RADIO ZERO (EC)
11	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	AFROBEAT (WO)	LET'S GET BAKED (EC)	RUMBLETONE RADIO (RR)	MOTORDADDY (RR)	RDWUWAR PRESENTS (NW)
12~	COPS WITH EVERYTHING (PO)	SAINT TROPEZ (PO)	FILL-IN	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	THE CANADIAN WAY (EC)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)
1	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF NITE DREAMS (EC)	WENER'S BBQ (SP)	WHY (PO/EC)	EXQUISITE CORPSE (EX)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)
2	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)	FLEX YOUR HEAD (HC)	BLUE MONDAY (GI)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	PLANET LOVETRON (DC)
3	TRANSCENDANCE (DC)	THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	SALARIO MINIMO (WO)	FOLK OASIS (RT)	LAUGH TRACKS (TK)	IN THE SHADOWS (HH)
4		VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (HH)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)
5	BBC	BBC	AURAL TENTACLES (EC)	BBC	BBC	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (GI/MT)
6						REGGAE LINKUP (RG)

SILVER JEWS Tanglewood Numbers CD/LP

Dylan tells us that an artist is in a state of constant becoming. In other words, like some ever-distant location on the horizon, the ultimate destination of one's creative energies can never be reached. Rather, this location acts as a magnet, prodding one through the wilderness of creative pros: in searching the horizon of his own efforts, writer, poet and singer **B.C. Berman** understands full-well the challenges of venturing out on the road of public art and song. Sporting his signature deadpan droll, **Berman** and his clever cast of merry-makers, including **Stephen Malkmus** and **Bob Nastenovich** of **Pavement**, embark on the epic narrative of **Tanglewood Numbers**. Steeped in the vernacular of classic folk-rock, **Berman's** tall ballads, which outline the travails of his persistent existence in the byways of outsider culture, are as sharp as anything he has previously penned. Conquering the dense Americana history book, **Berman's** storytelling technique is riveting. On the last day of your life, don't forget to die.

CD/LP 16.98



DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979 Romance Bloody Romance Remix & B-sides CD

Vice magazine poster boys get to the hard and knobby nut of the thing that is their shit with this new collection of rocking remixes designed to murder all dead floors everywhere, leaving only dust and skeletons. And yet we find ourselves wondering if it is possible for their patented drums with bass riff-age - a riff-age so seriously almighty that it can crack bones with a sound so crunchy and chunky that it stands up on its own like a terrifying thing and so fucking kick-ass that asses get blackened with bruises and beg for mercy with even just the faintest desire aimed in their direction - to become any more all-round gloriously awesome? We think probably not, no. But should this stop the skinny, bearded, quaffed, tattooed, cruddy t-shirted and much-adored lads from back East from trying to best their own best? Hell, no.

CD 14.98

ROGUE WAVE Descended Like Vultures CD

Taking indie-rock citizens by storm, last year's **Rogue Wave** debut **Out of the Shadow** certainly illuminated the melodic San Francisco quartet. Touching all the right sonic tickle spots is **a Death Cab For Cutie**. The new **Pornographers**, and **Bright Eyes**, the songs of **Zach Rogue** conveyed a subtle charm that carried him and his merry band mates to great heights. On this eleven song outing **Mr. Rogue** has crafted another batch of delicate acoustic-meets-electric ballads with a fine sense of sparse instrumentation: a waltz, slide guitar and billowing organic keys. The result is a ravishing listen and the perfect soundtrack to fill in the mundane spots of life - i.e. while the post-coital morning coffee brews, the hours spent holding fishes in bags waiting while your partner cleans the aquarium, or perhaps even during that uneasy silent felt as the bicycle mechanic slowly trues the spokes on your favourite one-speed. Whatever the case, **Rogue Wave** is here.

CD 16.98

MARAH If You Didn't Laugh You'd Cry CD

It takes great skill to spot the records that define a generation. I guess it is only natural to try to whistle down all the releases and all the artists down to a few that will represent the current of the times. All well and fine, but at the same time you then only have a few hours of music on your hands to articulate the cumulative experience of everything happening all around us. Indeed it is more complex, and great records will inevitably fall through the cracks to only one day down the road resurface as examples of sonic genius. **Marah** have constantly created this sort of record, and with this their fifth catalog they further solidify their status as one of the great underrated acts in the US. So, we invite discover them now - what awaits is a great folk-pop release **A Stringsteen's Nebraska** - just remember what people in those times thought of that record! Swift, raw and loaded with mellow confidence, this is a defining moment in their time.

CD 16.98

LOOK INTO THE EYES OF NEW MUSIC November's Focused New Releases



THE FIERY FURNACES Rehearsing My Choir CD

In an attempt to refuse creative inertia and laissez-faire destiny, Brooklyn's savvy siblings **Matt** and **Eleanor Friedberger**, have consistently challenged pop song-craft conventions with their output as **The Fiery Furnaces**. For example, the sonic leap between last year's inspired prog-rock masterpiece, **Blueberry Boat**, and their stripped-down garage-rock debut, **Gallowsbird's Bark**, was almost bewilderingly huge. Likewise, this next detour invokes an increasingly remote aesthetic, one impractical for any other band: musical theatre. Now joined by their dear grandmother, **Diga Sarantou**, on piano and vocals (keep it in the family, kids), the dynamic duo have embarked on a dramatic voyage through the scrapbooks of a tough, streetwise heroine, describing her experiences in mid-century Chicago. More than an enchanting concept record or a sentimental exercise in nostalgia, **Rehearsing My Choir** is the next daring chapter in the nonconformist career of this truly daring band. We salute them.

CD 16.98



SUN KIL MOON Tiny Cities CD

Even our Grandmother loves **Modest Mouse** and she has over 80 years of experience listen to the latest and greatest pop musicians of the last century. Or seriously, another kind soul who knows great songs when he hears them is none other than **Mark Kozalek** of **Red House Painters** and **Almost Famous** fame. Having already delivered a mind numbing rendition of **AC/DC** covers as **Sun Kil Moon**, **Kozalek** turns his attention to the manic indie-rock songbook of **Isaac Brock** and **Modest Mouse**. Interpreting their structures and lyricism, **Mark** has crafted a reworking of this great source material in such a way that it barely resembles the original thumbprint of the songs. Slowed down passages of **Brock's** angsty reflections are now flushed out allowing their inherent poetic grace to really take flight. **Tiny Cities** is an incredible release and a real testament to the power of song - we recommend.

CD 16.98

PROPAGANDHI Potemkin City Limits CD

Three visibly aging veterans, feeling like they're in the wrong line of work and quite seriously on the verge of suicide, have made a rejuvenating recording of meditative lamentations for those souls who cannot believe they are living in a world of deception and compromise - yet who still waives rock. Troubled privately, too, the band was almost dealt a death-blow in 2003 with the sudden departure of founding member and guitarist/vocalist **Chris Hannah**, who left the band to pursue other interests. Remaining members **Jordy Samolesky** and **Todd Kowalski** quickly found a worthy replacement in **Glen Lambert**, formerly of the **Portage Trenchers**. Not only is **Lambert** a much better-rounded musician that the departed **Hannah**, but his commitment to "make politics sexy" has brought a newfound optimism (and perhaps even levity) to the once flagging band. Renewed and ready!

CD 16.98

MORE TUNES FOR O' CRAZY EYES:

Comet Gain - City Fallen Leaves CD
Spoon - Sister Jack CDEP
Judee Sill - s/t, Heart Food CD reissue
Helix - Concentration Face/Homework CD/DVD
Guided By Voices - Suitcase 2 CD/LP
Boards of Canada - The Campfire Headphase CD/LP
Books on Tape - Dinosaur Dinosaur CD

ANIMAL COLLECTIVE Feels CD

The hallucinatory neo-free-folk scene has multiplied with the vegetable ambition of a fecund toothpick patch. It is coming up everywhere in gorgeous hues of red and brown gold. Here, we salute one of the original agents of today's hippy sound - the ones with the most piercing eyes in a room packed with visionary geniuses. **Animal Collective** have outdone themselves on this densely woven new outing, which vibrates with the wild bliss of a roving marauder liberating an autopilot from standard tuning. Like this aroused herbivorous aquatic mammal, the **Collective's** sonic spores exude a bold new confidence, freely combining washes of acoustic guitars with transcendent passages of ghostly voices, crazy-spirited piano and electric guitar dream-panels. Indeed, this is a different beast than **Sung Tongs**, with **Avey** and **Panda Bear** searching beyond the known peaks of "freedom folk" to discover new musical contours as this form ever-evolves from its historic location in protest song towards contemporary significance. We highly recommend **Feels** - its greatness cannot be quantified in the same way that one cannot weigh all the air inside all the wild elephants of the world. Go forth and multiply.

CD 16.98

Eddie Spaghetti - Old No.2 CD
Residual Echoes - Phoenician Flip CD
The Black Keys - Live DVD
Devendra Banhart - I feel just like a child CDEP
Tommy Guerrero - Year of the Monkey CDEP
Magnetophone - Man Who Ate The Man CD

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THE GOOD SHEPARD
Paintings by
Carey Mercer
(1975 - 2001)
Oct 30th - Dec 30th

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Music in the Afternoon - GREAT LAKE SWIMMERS
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